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AFTER THE STRUGGLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

She clasps her hands upon her heart,
And at the window droops and sighs—
A hopeless sorrow settling down
Within her weary eyes.

Among the vines without the house,
The night-bird throbs its lonely lay—
And tears upon the pallid cheeks,
Grow bright and fall away.

The dark stretch of the wooded land,
The shadows falling still and slow—
The dim stream, and the moonless sky,
Are full of quiet woe.

And in the mist the grave-yard lone,
Like some vast lily-bed appears—
The watcher turns her aching head,
And views it through her tears;

'Till such a nameless longing leaps
And trembles o'er the earnest face—
That crimson mouth and dusky eyes,
Transfigured grow apace.

Oh, shining marble, cool and still,
With words of patient love enwrought—
Oh, mossy beds where dews creep in,
And truant shades are caught!

This weary head would fain forget
In you its labors and its pains—
This weary frame would fain repose
Within your pure domains!

To have the grass and blossoms grow
Between her and her dreary fate—
"Oh, God!" she prays, "let it be soon—
I cannot longer wait!"

She clasps her hands upon her heart—
The pleasant moon begins to rise,
The winds go singing through the night—
But still she droops and sighs.

LADY MAUD AND ERLE ENCOUNTER VIOLET.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

The name of Philip Avon had a marked effect both on Erle Gower and Cyril Kingswood.

Strangely excited as they had been by the plaintive single note of the horn which they had just heard issuing from some distant part of the Chace, they were scarcely less moved by the sudden presentation of a note from one of whom they had been speaking in hostile terms, and whose communication they were well aware must be of an unfriendly character.

Erle glanced at the superscription, and observed, written in one corner of the envelope, with a strong dash under it, the words, "Strictly private." He raised his eyes to the bearer of the note, who proved to be Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, and, in a cold tone, inquired whether an answer was required.

"Mr. Philip Avon's groom placed it in my hands, to be instantly delivered to you, Mr. Gower," returned Pharisee, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon him, as if to endeavor to peruse in the expression of his features whether he anticipated the contents of the note.

"Does he wait?" asked Erle.

"No," replied Pharisee; "but if—"

"You can leave us!" exclaimed Erle, with a peremptory gesture.

The lips of Pharisee compressed, but he made his habitual bow, and moved lightly and swiftly out of the chamber.

Cyril fixed his eyes eagerly and inquiringly on Erle's face.

A faint smile curled the lips of Erle, and he pointed to the words in the corner of the note.

Cyril read them hastily, and said, instantly,

"Still, Gower, as it no doubt contains—"

Erle interposed.

"Fear not for me," he said, with a smile, even though a shade of melancholy crossed his expressive features. "Let its contents prove what they will, I am prepared for them. I fear to face no breathing being. If I am to meet him, and I fall, I do not know that, in my last moments, my fate would cost me a sigh. I have not been known out of the small sphere in which I moved. I shall not be missed even from that. I shall leave no gap to fill up, and in truth, it seems to me it would have been well had I never been."

"Tush, Gower, you may have need of a friend, you know," exclaimed Cyril, earnestly.

"If I should, I will seek one. As it is, I intend to rely upon myself," he rejoined.

Cyril would have further urged him, but he stopped him ere he uttered half a dozen words.

"Hear me," he exclaimed, in a firm and decided tone. "I am unacquainted with the contents of the communication forwarded to me by Mr. Philip Avon; whatever they may be, I repeat to you, they will find me prepared. I may, and perhaps it is only just to myself as well as to you that I should, here mention that my education has been of a peculiar kind. Not alone has my mind been cultivated in a manner calculated to develope my reasoning faculties at a somewhat precocious age; but I have been long trained in a very rigidly severe school, to the use of weapons of all kinds, to pedestrian and horse exercise, and to undergo fatigue supposed to be beyond the physical strength of one of my age. I have been instructed to rely always upon myself, and to believe that if my own resources failed, there would be none to help me, as none to lament me, for I have no friend, save God. Let me entreat you, Mr. Kingswood, to leave me, and unless at my especial request, to attempt to take no part in the matter between myself and Mr. Philip Avon. If we should not meet again, make no inquiries concerning me. I shall do well where I am resting, and you can only do harm by seeking to interfere with the inevitable."

He pressed the hand of Cyril Kingswood as he concluded, and with a gentle violence, forced him to the door of the apartment.

Cyril found himself in the corridor, and heard Erle turn the key in the lock, thus fastening himself within his chamber, before he was able to renew the arguments with which he wished to enforce the propriety of Erle's perusing the communication he had received in his presence.

For a moment Cyril felt offended, and with a quick step, hurried to his own room, but soon his better feelings prevailed, and as he had taken a liking to Erle, he resolved not to let the matter rest there, but to take an early opportunity that night again to visit him.

As he made this resolve, he donned a cap, took a double-barrelled gun out of its case, and quietly descending a private staircase, made his way, at a leisurely pace, out into the park, diverging in an oblique direction towards the Chace, and keeping himself beneath the shadow of the trees springing up almost everywhere in his path, until he was quite sure that he could not be observed from the house.

Then he quickened his step, pursuing his way now through darkened groves, and anon through open spaces studded with large patches of dark furze, occasionally pausing to listen, or to turn a quick eye about him, carefully examining from time to time as he did so the lock of his gun.

But save a startled bird that flew up screaming before him, or a timid hare which dashed with a sudden plunge into the tangled furze, nothing met his gaze, and he continued his course even at a quickened pace, until he reached a part of the Chace where many varieties of trees thickly clustered intertwined their branches above, while the stems irregularly situated beneath, formed a kind of natural labyrinth.

Here Cyril paused, looked back on the route he had pursued, cast his eyes right and left, and satisfied that he was neither followed nor watched, he threaded his way by a meandering path between the narrow trunks of the innumerable trees, until he was checked by such a profusion of undergrowth, that further progress appeared to be impossible.

Skirting this entangled mass for a short distance into a denser and yet deeper part of the hoary old forest, he, with a light and quick step, glided along a narrow winding path, which was barely perceptible to other than a practiced eye, and pursued it until he turned abruptly into what proved to be an alcove.

In the leafy summer time it would have been undiscoverable to one unacquainted with its situation, and even now, with its network and tracery of thin boughs, and shoots straggling from the parent stems in every imaginable direction, it would have been passed unobserved by those in search of it.

As he parted the obstructing shrubs aside, a smile of pleasure lighted up his face, for his eager eye fell upon the form of a young, timid girl, who was standing motionless and phantom-like in the centre of this dimly-lighted tree-formed recess.

It was the forest maiden rescued from Tubal Kish.

He hastened towards her, took her unresisting hand, and raised it to his lips.

She hurriedly snatched it from him, as if angrily. Then she let it fall to her side, and gazed in his face sorrowfully and earnestly.

With a look of surprise, he said, in an anxious tone:

"Violet, what has happened? You alarm me by your looks, and even yet more by your manner."

She turned upon him a look of deep reproachfulness. She seemed about to utter some impetuous observations; but though she struggled to express the thoughts pressing on brain and heart, she seemed incapable of constructing the language in which she wished to convey them.

Her lips quivered, her bosom heaved and fell and she burst into tears.

"Great heavens! what can have occurred?" exclaimed Cyril, excitedly. "I entreat you to tell me, Violet. You distress me by your silence almost as much as by your sorrow. You know that you may confide in me, and you know that if I can aid you and restore your mind to its usual peace and cheerfulness, I will."

She shook her head, wrung her hands bitterly, and turned her humid eyes upon him with a look of inexpressible misery.

He grew yet more excited, and, with much solicitude, urged her to reveal to him the cause of her grief, repeating his determination to win back for her that serenity of which, through some yet unknown cause, she had been deprived.

"You cannot—you cannot—oh, Cyril, you cannot!" she at length exclaimed, with another wild ebullition of grief.

He stared at her aghast. He clenched both hands and knitted his brows.

"Has Tubal Kish again pursued you?" he asked, between his teeth.

"No—oh, no—it is you alone, Cyril. You who have caused me this sorrow—you, oh, you!"

"I!" he faltered, in increased amazement. "What have I done, Violet, that you should thus suddenly shrink from me in tears and reproachful anger?"

She drew a step nearer to him, and clasped her hands together.

"Not reproachful anger, Cyril," she cried, with trembling lip. "Yet you have caused my heart this terrible sorrow; for we must part—part, Cyril, part—for ever. Oh, bitterness! oh, misery!"

"In the name of mercy, explain what all this means," rejoined Cyril, in a state of bewilderment. "I cause you sorrow? I, Violet? I the occasion of our parting? I am at a loss even for a clue to your meaning."

She shook her head sorrowfully, and, with a deep sigh, said—

"Perhaps it would be better that there should be no explanation. Perhaps it would be wiser for you to say farewell, and leave me now and forever, and forget that I ever lived."

Cyril, with a frantic and passionate gesture, cried—

"You will drive me to frenzy, Violet. Of what have I been guilty? what unintentional crime have I committed to bring about in you such a change at once so remarkable and so distressing?"

"No crime! oh, no crime! and yet——" exclaimed the young girl, who appeared to be in a state of distracting perplexity as well as grief.

"And yet—what?" inquired Cyril, impetuously, as she checked herself.

She gazed in his face with a strange earnestness. She looked steadfastly into his eyes, as if searching down into their depths to pluck out truth from his soul. As his unwavering eyes returned her solicitous scrutiny with an expression fully as searching as her own, unmixed with a trace of untruth or deception, she again wrung her hands and paced up and down with disordered steps, saying—

"I do not know. I cannot tell. I am at a loss to comprehend or to conceive."

Cyril watched her for a few moments, perfectly overwhelmed and confounded by astonishment.

She had up to the present moment always met him with a glad smile radiating her sweet face, innocent words of joy trembling on her lips, and a charming frankness of manner, wholly free from guile, which rendered her singular beauty even yet more prepossessing. Her changed mien and her deep distress of mind, unconscious as he was of having acted in any way calculated to occasion it, absolutely electrified him. Especially, too, when she displayed such reluctance to afford him an explanation.

He, at length, though not without difficulty, succeeded in restoring her to something like a degree of calmness, save that she appeared to tremble and shrink if he offered to take her hand or approach her closely, as he had been wont to do. Her artless confidence had hitherto been to him an inexpressible charm, its sudden withdrawal enraged as well as wounded him, but he subdued his emotion in his efforts to draw from her an explanation of the extraordinary change which had taken place in her conduct.

Ultimately, at his earnest request, she seated herself, and in a low, sorrowful tone, in compliance with his urgings, she said,

"You will remember that years ago, we met in one of the forest glades. At first I turned from you and fled, but I looked back because you did not appear to be older than myself, and your face was fair to look upon, and did not seem like that of one of whom I should be afraid. It was not cold and stern like Ishmael's; it was not ugly, dark, and ferocious, like Tubal Kish's; but it seemed kind and good, and I stopped, for you had not offered to pursue me, and I wondered who you were, and whether, like me, you lived in the forest.

"Then you drew near to me, and spoke gentle words, and you smiled and seemed glad to speak to me, and to gaze upon me."

"Indeed, indeed, I was!" breathed Cyril, softly.

"Then we met again and again, and we have wandered together through all the prettiest places in the old Chace, in the copse and the thicket, in the glade and the heath, and your looks were always pleasant, and your words gentle, and your conduct tender and loving, like as though you were a brother that had been revealed to me after a separation since infancy. And you told me that you lived beyond the trees, yonder even where the manor-house stood, and I told you that my name was Violet, and that I lived with Ishmael, a grave, quiet man, down in a dell where nobody but Tubal Kish came to visit."

"Aye, in the old hunting-lodge, which everybody supposed to be deserted except by the spirits of the old hunters of the Chace," observed Cyril, quietly, with a view of inspiring her with confidence to proceed. "It is said that the lodge was the favorite haunt of a bad Baron of Kingswood—"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" interposed the maiden, with a sudden renewal of her affrighted mien. "Do not speak of it! do not *you* speak of it!"

He looked with surprise at her, and she waved her hand rapidly and deprecatingly at him.

"Look not at me in that way," she cried, entreatingly, "but listen to me, I will not extend our interview longer than I can help. I have told you often that I never beheld any living creature like unto you. I have seen the gamekeepers belonging to the manor, and the beaters, and Ishmael, and Tubal Kish, but I have never seen one so fair and noble as you—until to-day."

"To-day!" cried Cyril, quickly, a pang of jealousy darting through his heart.

"Hush, Cyril!" she exclaimed, again waving her hand; "I will speak of *him* presently," and she emphasised the pronoun. "I say that I have not, from the hour we met until now, seen any face like to yours. Well, we have met many times in joy and happiness, and have parted sadly because of the time that must pass before we could meet again; and I have thought of you in the early dawn, as the joyous sun rose up to gladden the sky and brake, make the birds sing, and the budding flowers blossom with his shining smiling face, and I have thought of you the long day through, when your presence made my eyes happy; and I thought of you at eventide to name you in my prayers, and implore a blessing upon you; and I saw your face in my dreams only to welcome it more gladly when in bright reality it shone before me. Was this wrong, Cyril? very wrong?"

"Very wrong," he repeated, as if he hardly believed his ears. "Ah, dear Violet, if you only knew how that sweet confession overjoys me, you would not believe that it was wrong," he added, with fervor.

She turned her eyes upon his with an eager, searching gaze, and said,

"Was it thus you thought of me?"

"Even thus, my sweet Violet," he returned, in a tone of passionate fondness. "I have thought of you in the dawn, in the day, in the still night, and in my slumbers your dear face has smiled down upon me like that of an angel. Far away or near, in the dull loneliness of my college rooms, or in the gay, brilliant festivity of my father's mansion, my first, only, dearest thought, has been of you."

An expression of inexpressible felicity passed over her features as she heard this, and instinctively she stretched out her small white hand towards him; he seized it, and kissed it with ardor.

Then she uttered a low cry of anguish, turned deathly pale, and withdrew her hand hastily.

"It was wrong, Cyril, for you to have done this. It was wrong for me to think of you, and to pray for you," she exclaimed, hurriedly. "It was a sin and wickedness of both, but, oh! most of all in you!"

"Violet, in the name of Heaven, tell me who has been speaking with you, and what has been said of me; give me, I implore you, the opportunity of meeting the accusations, so that I may be enabled to disabuse your innocent mind of unkind thoughts, raised by false assertions made concerning me. At least, in fairness, I claim this!" he said, energetically.

"Cyril," she rejoined, earnestly, "tell me, in all sincerity and honor, have you sought me here in this lonely forest, and wandered with me in silent places, with other motive than that you have found some pleasure in my society—as I confess I had in yours?"

"What motive other than that could I possibly have?" he answered, quickly. "Have we not been happy in our ramblings, our interchange of thought, and those sweet communings which assured us our tastes, our preferences, our impressions—even our aspirations—were similar? What object, dear Violet, could I have than to be as often as I might near to you, and always dear to you."

"I do not know," she returned, with a perplexed, almost irritated aspect. "Yet I learn that you are the son of a lord, with many high and powerful friends, and noble acquaintances, while I am but a poor forest maiden, dwelling beneath a humble roof in the wilds of an old forest, and that it is not in the nature of human institutions for the lofty and the mean to consort for other than the destruction of the weakest and most helpless."

"Who has dared to say this to you, Violet?" he cried, with an indignant air.

"Oh, Cyril, Cyril! I begin now to see there is truth and reason in the assertion, though at first it appeared incredible to me," she returned, an increasing sadness stealing over her expressive features. "I will tell you all that has occurred, and why I am so suddenly changed in my manner and conduct to you. In spite of what has been urged upon me, I have faith in your truth, and in the sincerity of your affection, for were you in reality the demon you have been painted to me, nature, Heaven itself, would have provided me with an instinct to discover it, and to fly from you with horror."

The tears sprung into his eyes. He took her now unreluctant hand and laid it on his heart.

"Before God, Violet," he exclaimed, solemnly, though his voice slightly trembled under the deep emotion he felt, "since I have known you, no thought of wrong to you has obtruded its base presence upon the, I trust, spotless surface of my honor."

She raised her fond, weeping eyes, and as she upturned her sweet innocent face to his, she sunk gently on his breast, and murmured—

"I do, in the fulness of a grateful heart, believe you, Cyril."

There was a very expressive silence for a minute.

Cyril pressed her to his breast, unable to utter a word.

Suddenly he started, and gently removed her arm from his shoulder as a suggestion flashed through his brain.

"No," he thought, "bliss though it be to press you to my heart, I will sacrifice even that rather than a suspicion shall be allowed to vex your innocent mind or give to infamous calumniators the smallest ground on which to found an accusation."

"Let me know, Violet," he observed aloud, "the name of the scoundrel who has defamed me in your hearing, and I will cram his lying words down his throat."

She shuddered, and looked round, and then drawing close to him as if for protection, she said, in an undertone—

"No, no, Cyril, you must not harm him. He is severe, stern, cold, but yet he has been ever gentle and kind to me. Him alone have I known from infancy. He has reared me, taught me all I know from books, borne with me patiently, and though he spoke in severe language respecting you, he did so, as he said, for my safety and my honor, and oh, Cyril, because he did not know you as I do, believe me."

"But who is this?" he asked, a little impatiently.

"Ishmael," she answered.

"I am no wiser," he replied. "It is true I have heard you speak of him at times, though always in an indefinite, obscure sort of way, as though you knew not in what relation he stood to you."

"I do not possess his confidence respecting his earlier history, nor my own origin,"

she rejoined, in a melancholy tone. "I have often wished to learn what friends I have in the great, living, moving world beyond the forest, but when I have asked him, he has always answered me emphatically,—'None!' But then, Cyril, he knew not you."

"You never mentioned to him our meeting in the forest?" he said, gazing earnestly at her.

A rosy blush flushed her cheek. She knew not why; but she turned her clear, lustrous eyes fondly upon him, and said—

"No, Cyril, you were my treasure kept within the secret recesses of my own heart. I wished no other tongue to breathe your name in my ear; no other eyes than mine to gaze upon you. I, in secret, rejoiced that I alone had the luxury of longing to meet you; of dwelling in rich, excelling happiness, on the felicity of those meetings when they were past. No, Cyril, I treasured you in my mind, my heart; but I did not reveal your existence to the only other being with whom I held communion."

"Dear Violet," he ejaculated, fondly; and then added, with a slightly perplexed air, "Yet tell me, Violet, how came he to utter such harsh, unkind untruths of me, if he knew not that we had met."

"You remember how Tubal Kish rushed suddenly upon us from a thicket, and frightened me into a swoon, and that you bore me hither, while one, who seemed young and noble, like you, kept Tubal at bay?"

"I shall not lightly forget the occurrence, nor the brute who occasioned it," responded Cyril.

"On the appearance of the gamekeepers, who were in search of you, Tubal fled," she continued. "To-day he sought Ishmael, and he told him that he had seen me wandering through the secluded parts of the Chace, and that he had tried to separate us, but that he had been driven off. I have never seen Ishmael so fearfully convulsed or excited as when he taxed me with knowing you, and with secretly meeting you. In a very whirlwind of frenzy, he questioned me, menaced me, terrified me, until he had extorted from me all my long-treasured secret; and then he lavished on you such bitter words, he spoke of you as one who designed to destroy me, and wished me to offer up, there, in his presence, a vow to the Almighty that I would never meet you more, in order that I might not live to curse you. He bewildered and frightened me; he declared you to be a cool, designing villain, whose love for me was a mockery, who regarded me as a toy to be trifled with for a moment, and then to be cast away, broken, shattered, destroyed. Oh, Cyril, those were cruel things to say of you, and I, at last, put my hands over my ears, and fled from him, here—even here to summon you—that you might, as you have done, assure me that your heart was really as true and noble as it has always seemed to be."

Cyril, who had listened in silence and with deep attention, now raised his eyes, and gazed upon her young and lovely face, so trusting and confiding in its expression.

"I will be ever loyal to you, Violet, whatever the cost or the sacrifice, believe that," he said, with emphatic earnestness, and then added, "I must see this Ishmael, of whom you speak, Violet. Where is he to be found?"

"*Here!*" cried a loud voice at the entrance of the alcove.

Violet uttered a shriek, and clung to the arm of Cyril.

"Ishmael!" she ejaculated, in a tone of affright.

"Fear not," exclaimed Cyril, re-assuringly. Taking her by the hand, he led her up to where the tall, dark figure threw its shadow on the floor of dead leaves. Confronting the intruder with a firm and dignified aspect, he said—

"I would speak with you."

"Violet, fling away with scorn that hand that dishonors you by its touch, and return to me while yet my arms may open to receive you within them and to shelter."

"Ishmael, indeed, you wrong Cyril," she murmured, in a trembling voice.

"Silence, and obey me!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

"She shall not need to obey a behest uttered in terms so unjustly and wickedly false," responded Cyril, releasing her hand. "I resign her to your charge, because it is you, she has told me, who have reared her, and been kind, even though stern. But, man, remember, too, that I resign her as spotless, as innocent, as pure, as when you first beheld her an infant."

"And as free-hearted," bitterly rejoined Ishmael, for here stood the man who had introduced Earl Gower to him at Kingswood.

Cyril started, but almost immediately replied.

"I think—I hope not."

Ishmael bent his brow and grated his teeth.

"Do you think, boy!" he cried, fiercely; "have you thought, when you with smooth words have wooed this simple maiden, and won her heart ere she could know the inestimable value of the prize she has surrendered, and for what? Bad as your blood is, you have not thought, when, with more poisonous venom than a scorpion, you have seemed bright and fair and soft to the eye, only that your sting might be the more deadly."

"I fling your base accusations in your teeth, man," returned Cyril, indignantly. "I met Violet in the woods long since, by accident, when we were yet boy and girl; our acquaintance is not of yesterday's making; our affection not merely of an hour's growth. For years, I tell you, have we associated; if in love, I swear by Heaven, in the very purest innocence. I invoke the wrath of the Supreme Creator upon me and my future actions, if I ever conceived an idea in connection with Violet not founded in honor, or breathed a sentence or word playing falsely with my real intentions. If I have won her heart, my hand, my love, my life, shall be devoted to her."

"Bah!" cried Ishmael, contemptuously; 'those words have been uttered before by members of your race, with what results: to drive to ruin, disgrace, misery, madness, those who most trusted them. Do you know who you are, boy? Listen! You are a Kingswood, though not the heir of your house; you move in a high sphere; pride, ambition, and other such vices, are already in agitation to hunt in the artificial hot-houses of high and fashionable life for some exotic for you to wear through your wedded life. No lowly flower like my poor little wood-Violet here, could rear its head among the haughty, the lordly, and the heartless, in your sphere."

"But I tell you—" cried Cyril, excitedly.

"You tell me what?" interposed Ishmael. "That the hawk mates with the sparrow it pursues only to destroy. Hear me, and mark me. Your path and hers are widely different. They diverge in opposite directions. You cannot walk in hers, nor can she travel yours. Rather than it should be attempted, I will plunge my wood-knife to the haft in her heart, sure that it would be her happiest fate to die ere she placed a step on your lifeway. Nay, it is vain to oppose my determination," he added, as Cyril passionately and vehemently protested against his assumptions.—"I give you credit for not having wronged this poor creature by an evil thought—I pay that testimony to your youth, because at your age youth is generous, unselfish, and far more often noble than base. But it is also impulsive, forms impracticable notions, and is lavish of rash promises. I have interposed not a second too soon—nay, it is far too late for her peacefulness, until a better knowledge of the world and time shall have banished your image from her mind. You part now and forever; and bear in mind what I say now, with stern resolve to keep my word. If you hunt or seek for her, to renew your pleadings, as sure as living you stand there, you doom her to death by my hand. Hark! the dinner-bell of the manor-house rises on the air; the scent of dainties ascends to regale the nostrils of the titled and the wealthy. Go join the proud and lofty, and forget the humble flower you would have plucked that it might wither on your breast."

"Hear me—hear me—man, I entreat you to hear me," cried Cyril, in a frenzied tone.

"No," he shouted, savagely.

"Have mercy, Ishmael, if you love me," cried Violet, with a passionate burst of grief.

"I have mercy, poor fool," he answered, in a subdued tone. "It is because I love thee I act thus. Come."

Cyril dashed forward and caught her by the hand, but Ishmael tore it fiercely from him.

"Rash, mad boy, I have sworn what I have promised," he cried. "Would you have me immolate her here before your eyes? Would you perpetuate the red blood-stain that clings like a brand to your accursed race? Stand back. You have looked your last on each other."

He drew Violet away as he spoke, but she stretched her arms towards Cyril, and uttered a wild, piercing cry. She struggled for a moment to escape from the strong arms of the stern man who clasped her, but the convulsive character of her agony overpowered her, and she sunk insensible in the tight grasp of Ishmael.

Maddened by what he beheld, his eyes flashing fire, Cyril laid his clutching grip on Ishmael's shoulder, but at the same instant his hand was roughly removed, and his hands pinioned behind by some new-comer.

"Hold him in firm security, Tubal, until I am well away," cried Ishmael; "hurt him not, as you fear my anger, but liberate him only when you hear my signal."

As he concluded, he moved rapidly away, bearing the lifeless form of the forest maiden as if she were an infant, and leaving Cyril struggling fiercely and furiously in the hands of Tubal Kish. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The following beautiful stanza is copied from a young lady's album:—

"Fair made, when I B hold ure fase,
& gaize in two ure azhur ize,
my love is warmed in 3 a blaize,
& thauts with in my bozum rize
2 big for mi week tung 2 utter,
which leeves mi hart awl in a flutter."

☞ "What do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his breakfast lightly with his fork.

"Call it?" snarled the landlord, "what do *you* call it?"

"Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know; it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a leetle too much in it for hash."

☞ Old Wewitzer was joking and laughing at rehearsal, instead of minding the business of the scene. Raymond, who was then stage-manager, took him to task for this, and said, "Come, Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention." "Well, sir," replied the droll fellow, "so I do. I am paying as little as I possibly can."

☞ An English Review says:—"Southey told Shelley a man might be happy with any woman, and certainly a wise man, once married, will try to make the best of it."

☞ A POPULAR ERROR.—It is a mistaken idea that women talk more than men, arising from the fact that we pay them more attention.

☞ The only way for a rich man to be healthy is to practice exercise and abstinence—to live as if he were poor.

☞ Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this:—He was standing one day beside a frog-pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter-snake make an attempt upon an enormous big bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snake-ship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

☞ CONCENTRATION.—It has well been said that many a man has missed being a great man, by splitting into two middling ones. Concentrate your energies, if you would make a figure in the world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy,	and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$3,00
One Copy	of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies	of THE POST,	5,00
Four	" "	8,00
Eight	" (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen	" (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty	" (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty	(and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	30,00
Forty	(and a paper extra, and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	40,00

For other offers in connection with the Premium Engraving, Webster's Dictionary, and Lippincott's Gazetteer, *see the Prospectus on third page.*

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PHONOGRAPHY.

We see the following in one of our contemporaries—a rather interested party, however—as to the importance of the study of phonography:—

Learn phonography, if you would possess a brief, philosophic, and entirely legible shorthand. Learn phonography, if you would secure the subtle thoughts that flow into your own mind, or that you think worth preserving, while listening to the spoken thoughts of others. Learn phonography, if you would be relieved from the drudgery of the present longhand, by which you are compelled to spend from six to ten hours in *writing* what can be *spoken* in one.

Learn phonography, if you are a physician, and would preserve a record of all your cases, so that from your accumulated experience you may help to evolve or demonstrate the laws of life, health, and disease. Learn phonography, if you are a minister, for it will save you five-sixths of the time you at present employ in writing your notes, or elaborating your sermons in full. Learn phonography, if you are a lawyer, for it will enable you to secure the fleeting word on which may depend the fortune, life, or honor of your client. Learn phonography, if you are a student, and would secure, and thus fully profit by the instruction that is daily offered to you in lectures, and by the oral instructions of your teachers. Learn phonography, if you have to rely upon yourself and the private study of books for the acquisition of knowledge. You will do more in one year with phonography, than in two years without it.

Now, we would like to know from some one who has learned phonography, and has no pecuniary interest in the matter, either as a publisher or a teacher, whether the science really be as useful to students, physicians, ministers, and literary men in general, as the writer of the above would have us believe. Of course, everyone knows its usefulness to reporters; but is it really and truly of the general practical value above described? Will a minister who is able to write phonographically, write his sermons in short-hand, or in the common long-hand—submitting to the "drudgery" of the latter for the sake of greater plainness and superior accuracy? Will the lawyer employ his phonographic short-hand for the recording of the testimony in courts of justice; or the student make his notes of his studies in this short and easy way? In one word, is the use of phonography for the general purposes of men of letters, found to be as great a gain as in reporting speeches and debates?

If it is, according to the verdict of students, lawyers and ministers, who can speak from experience on the subject, then it is important that every young man destined for any of the professions, should learn phonography; for the saving of time, to the lawyer and minister especially, would be very great. The mere physical toil of writing a sermon of an hour's length, is very great indeed; and if five-sixths of it can be saved, it would well repay the trouble and expense of mastering short-hand. But we have our doubts upon this point—doubts upon the equal availability of the short-hand copy when it is completed. Many a professional man is puzzled to read even his own common writing; and to read his own short-hand, we fear, in many cases, would prove an impossibility. A lawyer might give a pretty good guess at what his phonographic notes said the witness had said, but guesses, in such cases, are not very satisfactory. And the minister, we fear, would often stumble over the exact language of his sermon. But these are merely surmises on our part. We know little of the subject practically, and, therefore, would like to hear from uninterested men who do.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."—"Florence Percy's" beautiful poem with this title, is going the rounds of the press, with the following preface attached to it:—

The subjoined poem—we know not who wrote it—is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart which does not thrill to its wild and tender music.

Well, we will inform you, gentlemen of the press. "Florence Percy" wrote it, and it was contributed to the SATURDAY EVENING POST, published in Philadelphia, at the rate of two dollars a year. In future, please credit both the author and the paper.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

The New York *Express* makes the following serious charges in the course of a recent editorial:—

"One thing is determined by the recent visits to this country of Princes from the East, and from the west of the Old World—American women have worse manners than the men. It was the women who, at Washington, intruded upon diplomatic receptions, and sat upon the mantels in the President's mansion; it was the women who insisted upon going to a ball at General Cass's house, so that the venerable Secretary declared he dared not give a dinner or a matinee; it was the women who thrust their notes upon Tommy. So, also, it was the women who jostled and crowded upon the Prince at the ball at the Academy; it was the women who got upon the seats in Trinity church, to look at him, notwithstanding the clergymen had first requested them not to do so. These are women of all grades; not only such as might be supposed ignorant of good breeding, but such as would be invited to the balls of the Secretary of State, or could get access to the Academy of Music last Friday. They were alike in Washington and New York; they have displayed this behavior before now, at the crowded operatic matinees; they do so in the omnibuses and in the railway cars, where they demand the places of the men, and never dream of thanking them. *At the North and South, at the East and West, the rule is, that American women are rude—the contrary is the exception.*"

We think it is rather unfair to denominate the women of "*America*" rude, because a few fashionable ladies, in the great cities, misbehave themselves. There are thousands of women who look upon all that Tommy-mania, for instance, with the greatest disgust. And though the ladies may have "jostled and crowded upon the Prince" at the ball in New York, probably it was quite as much owing to the crowded state of the room as to any want of good manners. Certainly the conduct of the ladies during the Prince's stay in this city, was unexceptionable.

There is just enough truth, however, in what the *Express* says, to render it needful for our ladies to be rather more careful hereafter, how they lay themselves open to the charge of crowding around distinguished visitors. They should not even be *suspected* of rudeness and unwomanly forwardness, much less partly guilty. And even the common classes of women might learn, we should think, politely to acknowledge a favor, instead of coolly and silently taking it as a matter of right. We would not have the masculine sex unlearn its present habit of gentle deference to womankind. It is a noble and somewhat peculiar element in the American character, but, we fear, will not long survive if not properly responded to.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—A Long Island paper says that the New York Associated Press are arranging for the employment of carrier pigeons to intercept the in-bound European steamers off Fire Island. It says:—

The association have, we understand, decided to extend their pigeon express to every point along the seaboard, from New York to Cape Race, where it is possible to have the steamers intercepted.

Among the points that are thus to be observed in addition to Halifax, Sandy Hook, and Fire Island are, we understand, Montauk Point, Nantucket, Portland, St. John's, N. F., and Cape Race. The breed of birds used by the association is the celebrated Antwerp carriers, which, when properly trained and used, will, we are reliably assured, fly at the rate of one mile per minute, and unerringly, from the point where they are thrown up, to their home. Each bird will carry, when properly adjusted to its legs, matter enough to make a column of our paper, and our readers will be gratified to learn that we have made arrangements by which we shall be able to receive by the association's birds all the interesting points of each steamer's news within a few moments after the steamer arrives (in the day time), in the vicinity of Fire Island. The birds have been located in excellent quarters upon the premises of Mr. S. C. Smith, in our village, (Babylon) and we understand they are soon to be put to work. The news will be sent to New York by the nearest telegraph station, or by a relay of carriers, as circumstances may require.

Our New York friends will have to play second fiddle to Philadelphia in this matter. It is well known that our contemporaries of the *Public Ledger* went into this pigeon business at least ten years ago. If the Associated Press wish any practical information upon the subject, they could not do better than apply to the enterprising proprietors of the paper in question. We believe their pigeons proved to be first-rate flyers.

A VERY great bore (for some of us) is the making out of a bill, and yet a man is not paid for the trouble of it. A selectman of the town of Hatfield, however, after making out his bill for services rendered, makes this very sensible additional charge:—"*To time spent making out the above bill, fifty cents.*"

We think the Selectman's plan a very good one. Newspaper publishers especially, whose accounts are small, and bills many, should avail themselves of it. No slow-paying subscriber of THE POST need wonder, after this, at finding a charge for making out his bill added to his account; especially after half-a-dozen bills have been sent to him without attracting any attention. It takes about one clerk's time to dun delinquent subscribers, and the delinquents ought, in fairness, to pay for it.

THERE is a railroad down South which runs one train a day, drawn by a locomotive of about one coffee-pot power. The conductor is so polite that if a lady cries out, "Mr. Conductor, I should like a drink of water," he immediately jumps off, blocks the train with a stick, and attends to the lady's wants.

Pshaw, that is nothing to the Germantown railroad. When the conductor wishes to stop our favorite road, he throws a few handfuls of leaves on the track. It took a train the other evening, three-quarters of an hour to go three miles, with a good engine at that. At one time a numbers of the passengers jumped out of the cars, walked a few steps ahead, and then waited till the locomotive, puffing and shrieking, caught up to them.

—Having said this much, it is only fair to say, that the excuse given was that the fallen leaves, when crushed on the rails, gave out a glutinous substance on which the driving wheels would not take hold. It certainly was very amusing to see the locomotive make such desperate efforts, with nothing visible to oppose its progress, and yet going forward only at the rate of about a yard a minute.

OUR OLD ENGRAVINGS.—We repeat the notice, that individuals wishing a copy of "The Speaking Likeness," must hereafter inclose us *fifty* cents.

The two engravings of the Falls of Niagara will still be supplied *to any subscriber* for one dollar.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. From the French of Edmond About, author of "The Roman Question," &c. By Mary L. Booth. With an Introduction by Epes Sargent. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

WA-WA-WANDA. A Legend of Old Orange. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

THE PRINCE'S BALL. A Brochure. From "Vanity Fair." By Edmund C. Stedman, author of "The Diamond Wedding," &c. With Illustrations. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOKS. "The War Tiger," "Famous Boys, and How they Became Great Men," and "The White Elephant." Published by W. A. Townsend & Co., New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for October. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, for November. T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 12, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The model of a new air-ship, in the shape of a fish, (not, one would suppose, the most natural model for an object intended for propulsion through the air!) which has been exhibiting for some time past in the Palace of Industry, was yesterday honored with the visit of the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial. Their Majesties are understood to take a good deal of interest in the question of air-travelling, and examined the model with much attention. The new vehicle is furnished with a tiny steam engine, which furnishes the motive power. It is kept down by a rope; but though thus hindered from going skyward, as it seems to be quite ready to do, it moves round, and from side to side, obeying its fin-like rudder with the utmost ease. The little Prince, who is now nearly five years old, watched the machine, and listened to what was said about it, with an amusingly grave face. He is said to be a very good-hearted and intelligent child, and is very well brought up. He already speaks French, Spanish, English and German (or Italian, I forget which,) with equal fluency, though he lisps a little in all. His nursemaid, who was formerly in the employment of a friend of mine here, and through whom I sometimes hear of the little fellow and his doings, says he is really a very nice, good, and reasonable child, not a prodigy in any way, but very much like any other little man of his years, carefully and affectionately brought up. He is remarkably generous, however, giving away all his money as fast as he gets it, so that he has seldom more than a trifle in his purse. A few days before his "doting parents" returned to St. Cloud from their late tour, he was taking a walk with this nurse in the park, and saw a very old man, bent double with age and infirmity, carrying sand in a wheelbarrow to mend one of the walks.

"Why does that old man work so hard?" asked the child of the nurse.

"Because he is poor, and would have nothing to eat if he did not work," replied the nurse.

"But he is too old to work," persisted the little Prince.

"He is not too old to be hungry, poor old man!"

"If he is hungry, he must buy some bread."

"But if he don't work, he can't buy bread."

"Why not? he must give money to the baker."

"But the poor man has no money of his own. When he wants money he comes to the gardener, and asks him to let him work, and when his work is done, the gardener gives him money for doing the work; and then, when he has this money from the gardener, he takes it to the baker, and buys some bread. Now do you understand why the old man works?"

"Yes," lisped the child, "I understand; but he is too old to work."

"Well, but if he don't work, you know, he will have no money, and if he have no money, he will have nothing to eat. So, you see, he *must* work to get money!"

"I shall ask the Emperor to give him money."

"But the Emperor is not here, and the old man is hungry, and must buy bread to-day. You know he can't go all day without eating, and the Emperor won't be home before a good many days."

The child began to ponder something in his own mind, and looked very grave and puzzled for a few minutes. At length he suddenly exclaimed, as though a new thought had struck him,

"*I* have money! *I* will give the old man some money!" and he forthwith put his hand into his pocket, and drew out his porte-monnaie. On opening it he found that he had just a single Napoleon left;—his last coin.

"I can only *give* him a little money, because I *have* only a little money," he remarked to his nurse, as they bent their steps towards the old man and his wheelbarrow.

The little fellow ran up eagerly to the old laborer, and putting his bright gold piece into his hard hand, he lisped out, apologetically,

"It is only a little money, but I *have* only a little money!" And away he trotted again, leaving the old man in a high state of wonderment, gratitude, and delight, and expatiating to his nurse on his wish "that he *had* more money, because then he could *give* more money!"

"The other servants often blame me," added the nurse, and say it's a shame to let the child give away all his money. But I say that if he likes giving, there is no reason why he should not have that pleasure; and I am sure it is a very good thing for him to learn how much pleasure he may have in doing kindness to other people."

The little fellow's porte-monnaie is probably not allowed to remain very long empty; for, the children belonging to his regiment having been invited, a short time ago, to come and see him, to his and their great delight, one day when he happened to have been brought to the Tuileries for a few hours, they were agreeably surprised at receiving, in the course of the afternoon, a great box full of toys, cakes and sugar-plums, sent to them by the little Prince.

A FEUDAL CASTLE.

Absurd as it seems for a Government to waste the public funds in providing separate establishments for a child of five years old, whose parents already possess more of those costly residences than they can find time to occupy, a new palace is going to be built for the little fellow on the borders of the Bois de Boulogne; and as he grows older, others will no doubt be added to this one. It really would seem as though a building-mania must have seized on the Emperor's mind; for, not content with re-building Paris, he is actually having the Castle of Pierrefonds, near Compiegne, entirely rebuilt. This ancient structure was an important and very splendid one in its day, some thousand years ago. Its walls were fifteen feet thick; its bastions, bridges, moat, portcullis, and keep, all samples of the most approved feudal fashions. For centuries there has been nothing left of this edifice save the huge foundations, and bits of the walls; but it has occurred to the Imperial mind that it would be very interesting to the people of this age to be able to contemplate a grand feudal habitation exactly as it was a thousand or twelve hundred years ago; and accordingly the Castle is being rebuilt, with exactly the same thickness of walls, narrow windows, raftered ceilings, and other peculiarities of its prime. When the Castle is finished in all its old proportions, it will be fitted up and furnished in exactly the old style, under the superintendence of the most learned archæologists, and is expected to prove "a great attraction" to the foreign visitors whose coins form so important a source of revenue for a large class of the French people. The cost of this restoration cannot be exactly ascertained beforehand; but its items, on the lowest calculation, amount to several millions.

The idea of a fifteen feet thickness of wall, it must be confessed, is tempting in these days of tinsey walls, and wonder "particleboard" such as we are now plagued with in Paris, and in London also, though not to the same extent. Besides the miseries of noise consequent on this wretched modern mode of building, the defenceless state in which we find ourselves with regard to heat, cold and draughts, will certainly provoke a reaction in favor of the old style of building; and though the increased value of ground and of building materials will compel the inhabitants of modern capitals to content themselves with something less than the collossal thickness of feudal times, when private dwellings were exposed to the sieges and assaults of hostile warriors, the present paring down of walls to the thinness of a few inches, will certainly not be tolerated by tenants.

A NEW WEATHER RULE.

Everybody is looking forward dismally enough to the prospect of an early and severe winter. The terrific storms of the last ten days seem to have chilled the atmosphere all at once into winter; and we are threatened with as complete an absence of autumn as we had of spring.

The cold rains which are threatening us with so doleful an autumnal continuation of the dolefullest spring and summer seen in Europe for many a year, are flooding many parts of France, and doing immense mischief. *Apropos* of the inflictions of the present unparalleled meteorological year now happily drawing to its close, I may mention a prediction just published by an old woman in one of the northern Departments, which is now going the rounds of the journals, and is to this effect: "Between Christmas day and the 5th of January, both inclusive, there are twelve days, which are the prediction, or rather an exact photography of the twelve months of the new year. What the weather was on Christmas Day will be that of the month of January; the weather of the 26th will be that of February, of the 27th that of March, and so on up to the 5th day of the new year. The last seven days of December, 1859, and the first three of January, 1860, were remarkable for heavy rains, and consequently, in the nine months which have passed away, there have been almost continual rains, and the same will be the case throughout the present month; but, on the 4th and 5th of January, there was no rain, and consequently the sun will shine gloriously in November and December." The prominence of the subject of weather, and the numberless recipes put forth for enabling the world to predict what its atmospheric fate is to be, are a sufficient proof of the universal discomfort and disadvantage of which the greater part of the planet seems to have been conscious, from this cause, during the present year. The idea of an intimate corelation existing between conditions of weather and moral health, has been learnedly developed by Maury, who has collected a mass of apparently irrefragible statistical proofs of the correctness of this theory,

according to which, each species of weather provokes the commission of a special class of crime; as irritating winds; suicide; heat violence; cold, theft, and so on.

Dr. Bodichon, too, has just published a paper on the climate of Algiers, accompanied by some curious statistics, showing the connection which he believes to exist between meteorological conditions and morals. He seems to prove, that when the heat is greatest, deeds of violence against one's neighbor are most numerous; when the sirocco blows, suicides are rifest.

Some wag in this city has, accordingly, come out with a proposition for a new almanac, in which the state of the moral atmosphere for each month is to be given, instead of that of the physical. Thus: January, highway robberies; February, false money and robbing of churches; March, infanticide; April, carrying off of minors; May, "vagabondage" and begging; June and July, personal violence; August, arson; September, frauds, abuses of confidence; October, adulterations of produce; November, assassinations; December, housebreaking.

CURIOUS NATURAL PHENOMENA.

Speaking of the atmosphere and its effects, reminds me that a remarkable mirage has just been seen on the coast of Ireland, when fourteen ships appeared in a long line, extending from the foot of a rock surmounted by a castle. The decks of these ships seemed to be covered with sailors, some of whom were reefing the sails, while others were clearing the decks, working the wheel, weighing anchor, and performing all the usual functions of sailor life! An equally curious geological phenomenon has recently caused no little surprise at Thonon, in Savoy, in which district, in the midst of the chain of mountains commanding the town of Oricer, the soil suddenly sunk to a great depth, and formed a lake. Some lofty chestnuts which grew on the spot, have disappeared, and fragments of trees, which have evidently been long under water, are seen floating on this lake, many of them belonging to species now unknown in the country.

A PEASANT PRINCE.

A highly intelligent Frenchman, who has for several years occupied an important public post at Bucharest, and who is intimately acquainted with all the region which Austria would so much like to add to her dominions at the expense of Turkey, has given me some curious particulars of the late Prince Milosch, and the way in which he governed. The late Prince of Servia, whom he knew well, Milosch Obrenovitch, born in 1780, was the son of a peasant, and began life as a pig-keeper. When only seven years old, he was accosted in the forest by a brigand, who, in mere wantonness, struck the little pig-herd a blow in the face. The child showed no signs of resentment, kindled a fire by the orders of the brigand, and watching his opportunity, when the latter stooped over the blaze to warm himself, contrived, by a sudden movement, to seize the pistol in the man's girdle, and therewith shot him instantly through the head; after which the fierce revenge which had filled his soul at the brigand's blow, not being satisfied, he drew the dead man's sword, and cut off his head. This incident seems to have wakened the boy from his former torpor, rousing his latent ferocity and pride, and with these amiable qualities, a degree of cunning and resolution which none had suspected him of possessing. From that hour he abandoned his herd of pigs, made the forest his home, and was soon adopted into a band of irregular fighters, who devoted themselves to making raids on the Turkish frontier, and generally inflicting as much injury as possible on their detested neighbors. Such bands were common in Servia, and are charged with sometimes levying black mail on rich Servians, though they never exacted anything from the poor. Milosch soon rose to be the leader of this band, and having performed many brilliant exploits against the Turks, at the head of his troop, he grew rapidly in public favor, and he was elected vaivode, after greatly distinguishing himself under Carageorgevitch. When the latter took refuge in Austria, Milosch carried on the national struggle against the Turkish rule; and in 1815 he was elected Prince of Servia. Compelled to fly the country by the revolt of 1839, he was recalled in 1858. It is rumored that when he quitted Servia, he took with him immense sums of money, of which he entrusted one million of ducats to the late banker, Baron Sina.

A TERRIBLE RULER.

In person, Milosch was strongly and squarely built, with a square, massive face, overhanging brows, light hair, hanging straight as so much thatch about his head, small gray eyes, looking black in certain lights, with a flash in them like those of a wild beast, and a beard reaching to his waist. He cared nothing for rank, but the love of power was his ruling passion. He was equally haughty in his own deportment, and intolerant of any claim to superiority in others. His aim has been to liberate Servia from the suzerainty of the Porte, and to make the dignity of Prince of Servia hereditary in his family. He was the personification of absolutism, detesting everything in the shape of a constitution, and putting his own will above law, while rigidly compelling his subjects to obey the laws. He constantly exercised the power of inflicting death without legal judgment; his mode of pronouncing sentence being as summary as possible, and his modes of execution cruel in the extreme. For instance, a few years since it came to his ears that the Bishop of a certain Servian diocese was in the habit of fleecing his flock, of exacting gifts that he had no right to demand, and otherwise harassing and impoverishing them. The Prince, on this, sent word to the Bishop that he should visit his church on the following Sunday. The Bishop and his priests, delighted with the prospective honor, decorated the church, and, when the Sunday came, received the sovereign and his suite with the usual ceremony, all wearing their grandest ecclesiastical costumes. On entering the church, the Prince turned to the soldier at the head of his guard, and pointing to the turf in front of the door, "Dig a grave there!" said he, as he passed into the edifice, accompanied by the priests. The service was performed with all possible pomp, the usual prayer for our lord the Prince was duly recited in its place, and the Bishop preached with great unction, and much satisfaction at holding forth before so illustrious an auditor. When the service was over, the Bishop conducted the Prince to the door with the same ceremony, accompanying him down the steps, and preparing to cross the churchyard beside him, when, Milosch having made a sign to the captain of his guard, four men stepped out from the ranks, seized the Bishop, and threw him into the open grave.

"I have learned thy wickedness!" said the Prince in his pitiless voice, "let thy fate teach others how they rob the poor!" and at another sign from their master, a dozen spades went to work with such vigor that the grave was filled above its living tenant before the stupified beholders had time to comprehend the scene. Of all the crowds collected on the occasion, none dared to utter a word of intercession or of surprise. All knew that their very lives were at the mercy of their chosen lord, and that he never brooked the slightest remonstrance from any quarter. The Servians appear to have approved the "rough justice" of their Prince's method of governing; regarding it as the most effectual mode of repressing crime, and ensuring tranquillity, in a state of society as rudimentary and militant as that of Servia. When, after the reaction which succeeded to the popular outbreak of 1839, the notabilities of the country sent a deputation to Milosch, entreating him to come back, and resume the crown, the latter utterly refused to do so unless they engaged to abandon all idea of having a constitution, and pledged themselves to let him govern, in all respects, exactly as he chose. So desirous were the Servians to put an end to the anarchy which had followed the retirement of Milosch, and so highly did they appreciate his uncompromising hatred of the Turks, and his unswerving determination to free the country from their yoke, that they declared their willingness to take him on his own terms, and the ex-Prince was welcomed to Servia and absolute power, with the utmost enthusiasm, and held the reins with the applause of his people, in the same unflinching style until he died.

Of his cruelty, or, as my informant would say, of his vigor, the deeds of this ruthless ruler afford numberless proofs. For instance, a regiment of 1,400 Turks having laid down their arms, after an engagement with the revolted Servians, Milosch caused 1,400 posts to be driven into the ground, and the entire regiment to be at once impaled thereon! Hanging or shooting seem to have been considered by him as too gentle; and impalement or burying alive to have been his usual methods of execution. When the Turkish regiment just mentioned had been subjected to the hideous form of death which Milosch had caused to be inflicted upon them, he looked on with great satisfaction, remarking, "That will teach the Turkish scoundrels to keep out of Servia."

Hatred of the Turks, and cruelty, are traditional in Servia. A predecessor of Milosch, I forget his name, having offended the Sultan, once received an embassy sent to him by the Porte, and charged to signify to him the privation of his rank as Prince of Servia. Knowing the Prince's ferocity, the ambassador, before venturing into his dominions, had demanded and received from him a pledge of safe-conduct. On entering the hall where the Prince was sitting in state to receive him, the ambassador neglected to remove his turban from his head, his suite following his example. When the ambassador had read the act of deposition, and was turning to leave the hall, the Prince of Servia, in a voice of thunder, demanded, "How dared you enter my presence without uncovering?" "You are no longer Prince!" replied the ambassador, "and have therefore no right to that honor from me." "*I was Prince of Servia when you entered this hall;* you have dared to ignore that fact. I promised you your life, and I will keep my promise. But as you are so fond of keeping your turbans on your heads, you shall keep them there for the rest of your lives!" At the Prince's order, a quantity of great iron spikes were at once brought into the hall, and driven through their turbans, into the heads of the ambassador and all his whole retinue! It need hardly be said that the Imperial order deposing this savage remained a dead letter, or that the Turks, after such samples of the treatment they are likely to receive in Servia, have a mortal horror of being sent into a province, where the chances are ten to one of their being murdered by the orders of its chief.

Though so fierce, resolute, and cruel, Milosch was usually clement to the poorest and lowest of his people, was exceedingly fond of his wife and children, by whom he was adored, and was extremely popular among all classes of his subjects. Utterly uneducated, never having even learned to read or write, Milosch owed to the rude and simple energy of his will, joined to great natural sagacity, and his uncompromising hatred of the Turks, the ascendancy he maintained, through so long a life, over his countrymen.

His son and successor, Prince Michael, born in 1823, married Countess Julia Hunzady, was educated at Berlin, and is of gentle nature, the very opposite of his father. He has just been to Constantinople to get his title recognized, and does not seem to be actuated by quite so virulent a hatred of the Porte as his father. But the Servians are bent on achieving their national independence, a first step towards which has just been made by Prince Michael's obtaining his reluctant recognition by the Porte as *Hereditary* Prince of Servia.

QUANTUM.

☞ A good man, who has seen much of this world, says:—"The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS
Of A Candidate for Office.

[We believe we published the following "journal of a defeated candidate" some years ago, but its applicability to the present time will justify another insertion:—]

Thursday—Received the nomination for an office. Surprised and indignant. Remonstrated with committee. Was told I must place myself in the hands of my friends.—Eventually did so.

Friday—Immense poster on a brick pile opposite house; my name in two-foot letters. Great anguish on the part of my wife and family, who believe that every officer in the city government, according to law, is indicted and tried at the end of his term. Friends, meeting me in the street, say there is a rumor about town that I am up for office, a rumor which ought to be contradicted. Other friends offer ironical congratulation, and leave me in doubt whether the office is unfit for me, or I for the office. Old gentleman won't believe it; for he knew my father, and he was a very respectable man.

Saturday—Man on the stoop of my house with big whip and terrier. Broad-shouldered, slovenly person, with sanguinary eye.—Come to advise me to beware of a class of ruffians that go around election times extorting money from candidates. Offers his services to 'tend the polls. Customary, he says, to pay in advance. I refer him to my committee. He whistles to his dog. Engage him at $5, cash down. We part with mutual expressions of esteem.

Going in, find six men smoking in my parlor, delegates from a target excursion. Customary, they say, for candidate to give prizes on these occasions. Refer them to my committee. Captain very polite—tells me he will give me time to think about it, and will come on Sunday with the whole guard, to let me see what a fine-looking set of fellows they are. Result, $10 for the prize.

Evening—Excited persons call for a subscription to a banner. Man comes with a wooden leg—wants a new one. Three more banners. Clergyman for a subscription to a deserving charity. Seventeen men to attend the polls. More cripples. Delegation wants their fire engine painted. Men without arms to post bills. A woman with subscription for coffin. Children all crying up stairs. My wife in hysterics. Great terror and confusion.

Midnight—Torchlight procession; kettle drums; serenade; make a speech; rotten egg hits me in the eye; general fight; spanners, brickbats, clubs, banners, torches and fists.

Wake up defeated. Tell my friends I don't care for myself, but feel sorry for the country. My wife goes home to her mother; the children are sent where they cannot be under my influence. No home—no friends—no wife—no money—no office.

☞ A Broadway fashionable bootmaker reports that the day previous to the "Prince's Ball," he finished up and delivered 1,360 pairs of patent leather boots, which were ordered "expressly for the occasion" at a cost of $13 per pair, a grand *footing* up of $16,380.

CHANGES IN THE MEANING OF WORDS.

The following quotations are taken from a recent work by Trench, entitled "A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in senses different from their present," in which are traced the changes of *meaning which many current words* have undergone.

CLIMATE.—At present the temperature of a region, but once the region itself.

CORPSE.—Now only used for the body abandoned by the spirit of life, but once for the body of the living man equally as of the dead.

DESIRE.—"To desire" is only to look forward with longing, now. The word has lost the sense of regret or looking back upon the lost but still loved.

ENSURE.—None of our dictionaries, as far as I can observe, have taken notice of an old use of this word—namely, to betroth, and thus to make sure the future husband and wife to each other.

HAG.—One of the many words which, applied formerly to both sexes, are now restrained only to one.

MOUNTEBANK.—Now the antic fool, but once restrained to the quack doctors, who, at fairs, and such places of resort, have mounted on a bank or bench, from thence proclaiming the virtues of their drugs.

OSTLER.—Not formerly, as now, the servant of the inn, having the care of the horses, but the inn-keeper or host, the "hostler" himself.

SHREW.—There are at present no shrews save female ones; but the word, like so many others we have met with, now restrained to one sex, was formerly applied to both.

SONNET.—A "sonnet" now must consist of exactly fourteen lines, neither more nor less, and these with a fixed arrangement, though admitting a certain relaxation in the rhymes; but sonnet used often to apply to any shorter poem, especially of the amatory kind.

STOVE.—This word has much narrowed its meaning. Bath, hot-house, any room where air or water were artificially heated, was a "stove" once.

TOBACCONIST.—Now the seller, once the smoker of tobacco.

UNCOUTH.—Now, unformed in manner, ungraceful in behavior; but once simply unknown.

WINCE.—Now, to shrink or start away, as in pain, from a stroke or touch; but, as far as I know, used always by our earlier authors in the sense of a kick.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher is radical on the subject of the right number of sermons on a Sunday. On a recent occasion he said: The articles of the press go further than the sermon, and carry with them really more weight, certainly where one hears three, which is an abomination before God and man. No preacher who is fit to preach a sermon, is fit to preach more than one a day, and no man is fit to hear more, or if he does, he is not fit for much else. Sermons are like boys' popguns, however many wads you put in, it's the last wad that drives the others out."

HOW A MAN'S BOOTS SAVED HIS LIFE.

Now, that the name of Varnhagan von Ense is brought so prominently forward, through the Humboldt correspondence, it may not be amiss to quote from one of his works a story about a pair of boots, which, by their opportune disappearance, did their owner better service than did ever boots before by the promptest attendance. It occurs in the author's account of Crub Schlaberndorf, a writer of no little power, who lived in a Paris garret, was miserly in trifles, and lavishly generous in great things; who was primarily a hearty friend of liberty, and secondarily a persevering, disinterested, patriot. A friend of the Girondists, he speedily found his way to prison under the sway of Robespierre:—

One morning the death-cart came for its usual number of daily victims, and Schlaberndorf's name was called out. He immediately, with the greatest coolness and good humor, prepared for departure. Presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or more indifference, were common in those terrible times. And Schlaberndorf was not the man to make an ungraceful departure when the unavoidable Must of fate stood sternly before him. He was soon dressed, only his boots were missing. He sought, and sought, and sought, and the jailor sought with him, in this corner and in that; but they were not to be found. "Well," said Schlaberndorf, sharply, "this is too bad; to be guillotined without my boots will never do. Hark ye, my good friend," continued he, with simple good humor, to the jailor, "take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday." The jailor agreed. The wagon, full enough without that one head, went off to its destination. Schlaberndorf remained in his prison. Next morning, at the usual hour, the vehicle returned; and the victim who had so strangly escaped on the previous day, was ready, boots and all, waiting the word of command. But, behold, his name was not heard that day, nor the third day, nor the fourth, and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed he had fallen with the other victims named for the original day. In the multitude of sufferers no one could curiously inquire for an individual. For the days that followed there were enough of victims without him, and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when, with so many others, he received his liberty. He owed this miraculous escape—not the least strange in the strange history of the Revolution—partly to the kindness of the jailor—partly and mainly to his good temper. He was a universal favorite in the jail.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S PUNCTUALITY.

One one occasion, when Washington was sitting for his portrait in Mr. Peale's painting room, he looked at his watch and said—

"Mr. Peale, my time for sitting has expired; but if three minutes longer will be of any importance to you, I will remain, and make up the time by hastening my walk up to the State House (where Congress was in session.) I know exactly how long it will take me to walk there; and it will not do for me, as President, to be absent at the hour of meeting."

Mrs. Washington was as remarkable for punctuality as her illustrious husband. At one time, during the General's absence, he wrote to her to get Mr. James Peale to paint her portrait in miniature, and to send it to him. Mrs. Washington wrote a note to the artist, saying that her presence at home was indispensable when the General was away, and it would not be convenient for her to attend at his painting room. She requested him, therefore, to come to her house for the sittings, and offered to accommodate herself to any hour when it would suit him to be away from his studio. In his reply Mr. Peale appointed seven o'clock in the morning. When he left his home to keep the engagement for the first sitting, it occurred to him that the lady might not be quite ready to see him at so early an hour. He walked on accordingly, more slowly than usual. Mrs. Washington met him with the observation, "Mr. Peale, I have been in the kitchen to give my orders for the day; have read the newspaper, and heard my niece her lesson on the harp, yet have waited for you twenty minutes."

The gentleman, of course, felt exceedingly mortified, and remarked that, if his engagement had been with General Washington, he should have felt the importance of being punctual to the minute; but he thought it necessary to allow a lady a little more time. "Sir," replied Mrs. Washington, "I am as punctual as the General." It may be imagined that Mr. Peale took care to be at the house the next day at the time appointed.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

Shadow's never far from sunshine,
Night is never far from day,
Pain treads in the steps of pleasure,
Never is the whole year May.

Sunshine's never far from shadow,
Day is never far from night,
Pain is followed still by pleasure,
Snow makes not the whole year white.

Mog's perpetual sighing tires me,
Meg's eternal smile's as bad;
Give me Moll, who's always changing,
Not long merry, not long sad.

☞ The phrase "shocking bad hat" originated with Mr. Harris, a hatter, who was canvassing for Parliament, who proceeded in this wise: "I await upon you, sir, to request the favor of your vote and interest in the ensuing election. To bribery and corruption—I—will—not—have recourse; but, sir, if—Why, bless me, what a shocking bad hat you've got! Really, you must allow me to send you a new one. But, sir, as I was about to say, if you can conscientiously, &c., &c."

NEW ANECDOTE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

The Historical Magazine has some interesting extracts from the private journal kept by Mr. Nathaniel Cutting, of Massachusetts, during his residence abroad in the service of the United States. This journal has recently fallen into the hands of William G. Brooks, Esq., of Boston, who prepared the article above named. In 1793, Mr. Cutting was appointed by President Washington to proceed to Lisbon with secret despatches to Colonel David Humphreys, the American Minister, and to act as Secretary to the Mission to Portugal. While Mr. Cutting was serving in this capacity, he was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Mattra, the British Consul at Tangier. The English officer related to Mr. Cutting the following story of Gen. Benedict Arnold, "that despicable traitor to the cause of American freedom." It reveals his odious character in a new aspect of treason against his native land. The statement stands thus recorded in Cutting's journal:

"Several years since, as early as 1785, when Mr. Mattra was in England, he became slightly acquainted with Arnold, who, knowing his situation in Morocco, solicited an opportunity of proposing to him a scheme of business that could not fail of being lucrative. Mr. M. at length gave Arnold the hearing. The plan he proposed was that Mr. M. should, by his interest at the Court of Morocco, procure commissions for sundry corsairs, which he (Arnold) would come and fit out from Tangier. 'But,' observed Mr. M., 'who would you cruise against? The Emperor of Morocco has no maritime enemy; nor does he wish to provoke a rupture with any of the European powers.' Arnold replied, 'But the Americans have yet no treaty with Morocco; I would capture their vessels: I know very well the track to find them; by such an expedition we would soon acquire ample fortunes.' Arnold pressed the matter very seriously for some time, but finding that Mr. Mattra rejected the nefarious scheme, and steadily refused to exert the smallest influence toward obtaining the commissions in question, the arch-renegade solicited that he would assist him in procuring Algerine commissions. Mr. M., heartily disgusted with such villany, assured Arnold that he had no interest and scarcely any acquaintance at or near Algiers, and therefore explicitly excused himself from participating in such a diabolical pursuit. It was not only once, said Mr. Mattra, but perhaps a dozen times, that Arnold seriously addressed him to the foregoing purport."—*Boston Transcript.*

A MOOTED QUESTION.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a *sea* of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?"

Richard Grant White, in his "Shakspeare's Scholar," says:—

"Pope and others would read '*siege* of troubles,' alleging that arms may be taken against a siege, but not against a sea, and that the similarity in the sound of the two words might easily have caused a substitution of one for the other. So it might—much more easily than Shakspeare could have written,

"'Or to take arms against a *siege* of troubles,
And, by opposing, end *them?*'

For, by line and plummet criticism, if it be a siege against which the arms are to be taken, it is a siege which is ended; for the siege then becomes the object against which the action is to be directed, and the last line must be,

"'And, by opposing, end it.'

But it is the troubles against which arms are to be taken, and by opposing we end *them*. 'Sea' is but a picturesque descriptive word in the sentence. Another writer would have said 'a throng of troubles,' or something of that kind; but Shakespeare said 'sea,' and, by one word, brings to our mind the imminent, ever-succeeding woes which, innumerable like the multitudinous seas, sometimes overwhelm the soul. 'Sea' makes the passage not only highly poetical and Shakspearian, but correct. 'Siege' makes it not only cautiously exact in the following out a figure, and therefore un-Shakspearian, but incorrect to any mind which judges by any other than a merely literal standard."

CELLAR WALLS AND FLOORS.

Most cellars are built without adequate provision being made for keeping moisture from passing through the walls from the outside, and up through the earthen floors inside, during rainy weather. The cellar of a house should be dry, so as to render it comfortable and healthy, as moisture, in the lower part of a dwelling, generally makes the upper stories damp and chilly, and causes mildew in clothes, books, and all household articles made of cloth and leather. Cellars can be easily built so as to have dry walls, and hard dry floors; and the latter are invaluable to prevent rats from burrowing, as well as dampness from coming up from the soil beneath. To render the cellar walls dry, they should be coated on the outside with hydraulic cement, mixed with sand. Houses in our cities have their cellar walls thus treated, in many instances, but their floors are neglected. To make a cement floor, the surface should first be rammed down and levelled; then hydraulic cement, mixed with sand, of about the consistency of thick mortar, should be laid on to about one inch in thickness, and its surface levelled with a scraper made of a thick plank. In laying down such a floor, sections of about eight feet square should be marked off, and finished one after another. A coat of clean sand or gravel, one inch thick, should be laid on the top of the cement, and, after it has stood about half an hour, the whole should be rammed down smooth with a pounder, when the work is complete, after the surplus sand has been swept off. In a few days such a floor becomes as hard as a stone, and quite impervious to water.

☞ The Great Eastern is simply a *bark* from the British lion.

JEANNIE.

Where's the way to Jeannie's house?
Any child will guide you;
Or ye may find the road yoursel',
The river runs beside you.

Where's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna answer:
Hereabout or thereabout,
Find it if you can, sir.

Is this the way to Jeannie's house?
As straight as you can go, sir;
Down the valley, through the wood,
And by the brook below, sir.

What's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna say, sir;
A lang way up, a wee way down,
In troth, an unco' way, sir.

Some on horse, and some on foot,
Comes hither many a score, sir:
Who finds the way to Jeannie's heart,
Mann bring a coach and four, sir.

PAUL RICHARDSON.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL JACKSON.

FROM THE THIRD VOLUME OF PARTON'S "LIFE OF JACKSON."

JACKSON BURIES THE TOMAHAWK.

In the course of the winter he was reconciled to several gentlemen whom he had been long wont to reckon in the catalogue of his foes. General Winfield Scott was in Washington at the beginning of the session; and, desirous to know what he had to expect in case he should meet General Jackson, addressed to him the following note:—"Sir, one portion of the American community has long attributed to you the most distinguished magnanimity, and the other portion the greatest desperation in your resentments—am I to conclude that both are equally in error? I allude to circumstances which have transpired between us, and which need not here be recapitulated, and to the fact that I have now been six days in your immediate vicinity without having attracted your notice. As this is the first time in my life that I have been within a hundred miles of you, and as it is barely possible that you may be ignorant of my presence, I beg leave to state that I shall not leave the district before the morning of the fourteenth instant."

To this General Jackson returned the following answer:—"Sir, your letter of to-day has been received. Whether the world are correct or in error, as regards my 'magnanimity,' is for the world to decide. I am satisfied of one fact, that when you shall know me better, you will not be disposed to harbor the opinion, that anything like 'desperation in resentment' attaches to me. Your letter is ambiguous; but, concluding from occurrences heretofore, that it was written with friendly views, I take the liberty of saying to you, that whenever you shall feel disposed to meet me on friendly terms, that disposition will not be met by any other than a corresponding feeling on my part."

The two generals met soon afterward, exchanged friendly salutations, and remained on terms of civility for several years.

RECONCILIATION WITH BENTON.

But the most remarkable case of reconciliation was that which occurred between General Jackson and Colonel Thomas H. Benton, whose brother Jesse's bullet General Jackson still carried about with him, embedded in the flesh of his left arm. "Well," exclaimed Colonel Benton, in one of his letters of this period, "how many changes in this life! General Jackson is now sitting in the chair next to me. There was a vacant one next to me, and he took it for the session. Several Senators saw our situation, and offered mediation. I declined it upon the ground that what had happened could neither be explained, recanted nor denied. After this we were put upon the same committee. Facing me one day, as we sat in our seats, he said to me, 'Colonel, we are on the same committee; I will give you notice when it is necessary to attend.' (He was chairman, and had the right to summon us.) I answered, 'General, make the time suit yourself; it will be convenient for me to attend at any time.' In committee we did business together just as other persons. After that, he asked me how my wife was, and I asked him how his was. Then he called and left his card at my lodgings—Andrew Jackson, for Colonel Benton and lady; forthwith I called at his and left mine—Colonel Benton, for General Jackson. Since then we have dined together at several places, and yesterday at the President's. I made him the first bow; he held forth his hand, and we shook hands. I then introduced him to my wife, and thus civil relations are perfectly established between us. Jackson has gained since he has been here, by his mild and conciliatory manner."

A SACRED PROMISE.

The health of Mrs. Jackson continued to be precarious during the whole of this period. Her disease was affection of the heart, which was aggravated by excitement. She never approved of the general's running for office; and, if now she wished him to succeed, it was only because she knew he wished it. Unceasingly she strove to turn his thoughts to those subjects in which alone she found comfort, which alone she thought important. She warned him not to be dazzled nor deluded by his popularity; of which her good sense as a woman, no less than her opinions as a Presbyterian, taught her the emptiness. One Sunday morning, a communion Sunday, in 1826 or 1827, as they were walking toward the little Hermitage church, she besought him to daily no longer with his sense of duty, but, then and there, that very hour, in their own little church, to renounce the world and all its pomps and vanities, and partake of the communion with her. He answered, "My dear, if I were to do that now, it would be said, all over the country, that I had done it for the sake of political effect. My enemies would all say so. I cannot do it *now*, but I promise you that when once more I am clear of politics I will join the church."

This incident he related with tears in his eyes, many years after, to his beloved friend Blair, of the Washington Globe, as they stood under the tall trees of the grove in which the church stands.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Columbia county, in the State of New York, was noted, in the olden time, as the residence of certain opulent families. There the Livingstons had their seat; there the Van Rensselaers had large possessions; and around the great proprietors gathered a considerable number of connections and friends, forming a circle who held a position in the county similar to that of the great families in a county of England. Here, in 1772, when as yet the distinction was marked between patrician and plebeian, Martin Van Buren was born. He was born in a log-house. His father was a worthy, illiterate man, who cultivated a small farm and kept a small tavern. He was a man of such imperturbable good temper, that he never had a quarrel in his life. His wife, we are told, was the motive-power of the family—an active, polite person, fond of politics, and uncommonly sagacious in the management of her affairs.

Martin was a bright, lively, handsome boy. He went to the village school, and had no other educational advantages. His familiar letters, down to a late period of his life, contain grammatical slips. Apprenticed in his fourteenth year to the village attorney, he was compelled, by a statute then in force, to serve seven years before getting his license to practice. The law then made a distinction in favor of students who had received a classical education—admitting them to practice after three years' study of the law.

Before he had completed his term of study, we find the youth in New York, a student in the office of William P. Van Ness, who is still famous as the friend and second of Colonel Burr, in his lamentable duel with General Hamilton. Burr was then at the height of his career, Vice President of the United States, and, as it was supposed, the candidate for the succession to the Presidency. He lived in great style; had his country house and his town house, and dispensed in both a lavish hospitality, which he could ill afford. He never appeared so imposing or so strong as then, when he stood on the verge of ruin. The young student, it appears, was thrown into frequent contact with this shining figure, who inherited from his father a passion for *proteges*. Burr was struck with the beauty and talents, the diligence and energy of the country youth, and, we are told, made an impression upon his forming character, and communicated to him the results of his experience in politics and law.

The life-maxims of the Vice President the student certainly did not imbibe. Mr. Van Buren's private conduct has always been correct; and though of a generous and helpful disposition, he early and always practiced the art of living within his income.

MRS. JACKSON'S REMARK.

The news of General Jackson's election to the Presidency, I am informed by Major Lewis, created no great sensation at the Hermitage, so certain beforehand were its inmates of a result in accordance with their desires. Mrs. Jackson quietly said: "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it."

MRS. JACKSON'S ILLNESS.

It was a Wednesday morning, December 17th, 1828. All was going on as usual at the Hermitage; the General was in the fields, at some distance from the house, and Mrs. Jackson, apparently in tolerable health, was occupied in her household duties. Old Hannah asked her to come into the kitchen to give her opinion upon some article of food that was in course of preparation. She performed the duty required of her, and returned to her usual sitting-room, followed by Hannah. Suddenly she uttered a horrible shriek, placed her hands upon her heart, sunk into a chair struggling for breath, and fell forward into Hannah's arms. There were only servants in the house, many of whom ran frantically in, uttering the loud lamentations with which Africans are wont to give vent to their feelings. The stricken lady was placed upon her bed, and while messengers hurried away for assistance, Hannah employed the only remedy she knew to relieve the anguish of her mistress. "I rubbed her side," said the plain-spoken Hannah, "till it was black and blue."

No relief—she writhed in agony—she fought for breath. The General came in, alarmed beyond description. The doctor arrived. Mrs. A. J. Donelson hurried in from her house near by. The Hermitage was soon filled with near relatives, friends and servants. With short intervals of partial relief, Mrs. Jackson continued to suffer all that a woman could suffer, for the space of sixty hours, during which her husband never left her bedside for ten minutes. On Friday evening she was much better; was almost free from pain, and breathed with far less difficulty. The first use, and indeed the only use, she made of her recovered speech was, to protest to the General that she was quite well, and to implore him to go to another room and sleep, and by no means to allow her indisposition to prevent his attending the banquet on the 23d. She told him that the day of the banquet would be a very fatiguing one, and he must not permit his strength to be reduced for want of sleep.

Still, the general would not leave her. He distrusted this sudden relief. He feared it was the relief of torpor or exhaustion; and the more as the remedies prescribed by Dr. Hogg, the attending physician, had not produced their designed effect. Saturday and Sunday passed, and still she lay free from serious pain, but weak and listless; the general still her watchful, constant, almost sleepless attendant.

HER DEATH.

On Monday evening, the evening before the twenty-third, her disease appeared to take a decided turn for the better; and she then so earnestly entreated the general to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow by having a night of undisturbed sleep, that he consented, at last, to go into an adjoining room and lie down upon a sofa. The doctor was still in the house. Hannah and George were to sit up with their mistress. At nine o'clock, the general bade her good-night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. He had been gone about five minutes; Mrs. Jackson was then, for the first time, removed from her bed, that it might be re-arranged for the night. While sitting in a chair, supported in the arms of Hannah, she uttered a long, loud, inarticulate cry; which was immediately followed by a rattling noise in the throat. Her head fell forward upon Hannah's shoulder. She never spoke nor breathed again.

There was a wild rush into the room of husband, doctor, relatives, friends, and servants. The general assisted to lay her upon the bed. "Bleed her," he cried. No blood flowed from her arm. "Try the temple, doctor." Two drops stained her cap, but no more followed.

It was long before he would believe her dead. He looked eagerly into her face, as if still expecting to see signs of returning life. Her hands and feet grew cold. There could be no doubt, then, and they prepared a table for laying her out. With a choking voice, the general said:

"Spread four blankets upon it. If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table."

He sat all night long in the room by her side, with his face in his hands, "grieving," said Hannah, and occasionally looking into the face, and feeling the heart and pulse of the form so dear to him. Major Lewis, who had been immediately sent for, arrived just before daylight, and found him still there, nearly speechless and wholly inconsolable. He sat in the room nearly all the next day, the picture of despair. It was only with great difficulty that he was persuaded to take a little coffee.

"And this was the way," concluded Hannah, "that old mistus died: and we always say, that when we lost her, we lost a mistus and a mother, too; and more a mother than a mistus. And we say the same of old master; for he was more a father to us than a master, and many's the time we've wished him back again, to help us out of our troubles."

HER TOMB.

The remains of Mrs. Jackson still lie in the corner of the Hermitage garden, next those of her husband, in a tomb prepared by him in these years for their reception. It resembles in appearance, an open summer-house—a small, white dome supported by pillars of white marble. The tablet that covers the remains of Mrs. Jackson reads as follows:—

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1828, aged 61. *Her face* was fair; her person pleasing, *her temper* amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

PORTRAIT OF JACKSON, BY A LADY.

The general's appearance has been so often and correctly described, that it would seem almost unnecessary to touch upon it here; but it will do no harm to give my impressions of him. Picture to yourself a military-looking man, above the ordinary height, dressed plainly, but with great neatness; dignified and grave—I had almost said stern—but always courteous and affable, with keen, searching eyes, iron-gray hair, standing stiffly up from an expansive forehead, a face somewhat furrowed, by care and time, and expressive of deep thought and active intellect, and you have before you the General Jackson who has lived in memory for thirty years.

PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE.

Side by side with him stands a coarse-looking, stout, little old woman, whom you might easily mistake for his washerwoman, were it not for the marked attention he pays her, and the love and admiration she manifests for him. Her eyes are bright, and express great kindness of heart; her face is rather broad, her features plain; her complexion so dark as almost to suggest a mingling of races.

THE PET LAMB.

Speak kindly to the boy,
Nor dash to earth his cup of joy;
Give him a smile whene'er you can—
A happy child makes happy man.
What if the Shepherd now would come
And take the little darling home!
Ah, me! when He the flock doth call,
He takes the pet lamb first of all—
To greener pastures from the rock
He takes the pet lamb of the flock.

Speak softly to each little child;
Let every word be sweet and mild—
Kind words, like goodly seeds, will start
And fill the garden of his heart.
Then smile, and soothe his cares away,
The Shepherd soon may come your way!
And, ah! when He the flock doth call,
He takes the pet lamb first of all—
To greener pastures from the rock
He takes the pet lamb of the flock!

☞ It is stated that the Hon. Edward Everett is about to marry the widowed daughter of Judge Pettigrew, of South Carolina. The lady is described as a blonde, attractive, intellectual, wealthy, and about 32 years of age.

WHAT IS THE PRICE?

BY MRS. GEO. WASHINGTON WYLLYS

You're going to enter into the matrimonial state, are you, Mr. Brown? And you think you're coming into possession of an angel?

Yes, but angels cost money. Did it ever occur to you what an expensive article your fashionable young wife was likely to prove? Bless your unsophisticated soul! you've no more idea of it than you have of the price of onions, or the market value of a wash-tub. You'll find out one day, however, to your grief.

Two or three stout Irish girls to wait on her—a French maid to arrange her hair—fifty-dollar silks and camel's-hair shawls to make her female friends envious, and half-a-dozen bonnets per annum—white kid gloves and silver card-cases—otto of roses and bouquet holders—why, you deluded young man, she'll throw money out with her ringed and lily-white fingers faster, by the bushel, than you can shovel it in with a spade! You don't believe it? Let us make a rough estimate, then, of what she will cost in full promenade costume.

Bonnet (a love of a thing, the *successest* white chip, and *such* a bargain) fifteen dollars. India shawl (of course you won't be such a brute as to expect your wife to wear common cashmere or broche, just like the butcher's better half) only seventy-five, the cheapest thing in New York! Dress, an eleven-flounced silk, forty-five dollars, including the trimmings and the poorly-paid labor of the hollow-cheeked dressmaker; Valenciennes collar and sleeves, twenty-five; cunning little heeled gaiter-boots, three; gloves, one; Etruscan bracelet, fifty (you expect your wife to go dressed like other women, don't you? and everybody has an Etruscan bracelet); brooch and ear-rings in Italian cameo, thirty; enameled watch and chain, seventy-five; card-case, twenty; a "duck" of a Chantilly veil, ten; embroidered handkerchief, eight; lace parasol, lined with lavender silk, ten; crinoline, three; and other "belongings" lace-edged and sumptuous decorated, about ten, as near as a body can venture to guess. Now all this is an exceedingly moderate assessment—there are probably as many who exceed it as fall short of it. How much do you suppose it amounts to, my good Mr. Brown? Well, your angel, in the simple matter of plumage for this one occasion, costs you not far from four hundred dollars! Yes, you may open your eyes and twirl your moustaches in that incredulous sort of way; do you suppose *we* don't know all about it? Yes, and when the bills come in, you will remember our words of warning! You're doing a remarkably foolish thing when you marry one of these camellia-japonica divinities, white-handed, helpless, and knowing just about as much of real, every-day life as a canary bird might be expected to understand. If we were a man, we should as soon think of marrying a frail hot-house plant as one of these delicate sprigs of the ornamental. Give us the apple-blossom type of woman—sunny, cheerful and useful—something equal to every emergency, from washing-day to a Fifth Avenue *soiree*—something that understands the handling of a broom, and knows what the kitchen-poker is made for, and can calculate to a nicety the exact amount of mince-meat requisite in a model pie, besides liking a bit of fun as well as the next woman, and possessing a pretty weakness for lively books and spicy newspapers. That's the article for *our* money. A wife who would select gingham instead of silk, when she went shopping, and freshen up her old bonnet with a bunch of satin violets and a new ribbon, instead of paying an extravagant price for the latest Parisian fooleries, not because she hadn't a woman's natural *penchant* for such things, but because she wanted to save money—because her little head was full of schemes some day to contribute something toward releasing her husband from the bondage and drudgery of desk or counter. Do you suppose the value of such a wife can be counted in gold pieces? Let your satin-robed doll sweep contemptuously past her on Broadway. Mr. Brown—time will prove which is the best instrument.

Only, before you purchase the useless, jewelled toy, think twice about it. Ask yourself soberly and reasonably, "What is the price?" and "Can I afford it?" or it may be the dearest bargain you ever made in your life.—*Life Illustrated.*

DR. JUDSON'S OFFER OF MARRIAGE TO FANNY FORESTER.—The following authentic letter, which we take from the Memoirs of Mrs. Judson, may prove of interest to those of our readers who are curious in such matters, and be more or less valuable as a suggestion to the writers who aim at picturing the course of love:—

Jan. 20, 1846.

I hand you, dearest one, a charmed watch. It always comes back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her safely and surely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's lifetime (not then aware of the secret,) and the charm, though slow in its operation, was true at last.

Were it not for the sweet sympathies you have kindly extended to me, and the blessed understanding that "love has taught us to guess at," I should not venture to pray you to accept my present with such a note. Should you cease to "guess" and toss back the article, saying, "Your watch has lost its charm; it comes back to you, but brings not its wearer with it." Oh, first dash it in pieces, that it may be an emblem of what will remain of the heart of

Your devoted, A. JUDSON.

MISS EMILY CHUBBUCK.

☞ COURTLY FISH.—The island of Khojah Khizr, in the Indus, is said to be so sacred, that the fish of the river, particularly the pellah, evince their respect for the island by never turning their tails when retiring from its shores.

ARTICULATION.

A writer in the North American Review, says:

"As regards articulation, the Americans, we think, have a natural advantage over the English in a superior delicacy of structure of the vocal organs. Very many Englishmen apparently have to contend with a thick and unmanageable conformation of the organs of speech, which occasions the spluttering and mouthing so common in their public speaking. That the Americans have great natural facility for clear and fine articulation, is shown by the readiness with which they acquire the pronunciation of foreign tongues, and by the fact that, with proper early training and care, they do attain to remarkable grace of utterance. It still remains true that very much more importance is attached to articulation in England than here, that more pains is taken in training the young to habits of clear utterance, and that, on the whole, the English is more conscientiously articulated by educated persons in England than by the same class in this country. We mean by this to say, that the consonants are more distinctly and duly uttered; that, for instance, 'shrink' and 'shrine' would not, as with us, be softened into *srink* and *srine*, 'suggest' into *sudjest*, 'arms' into *alms*. On the other hand, there is a tendency in this country to more distinct syllabication and more marked secondary accent in long words. The English say 'int'r'sting,' 'circ'mst'nce,' 'diction'ry,' tripping lightly over all the syllables after the accent, articulating plainly all the consonants, but almost eliminating the vowels, while we put a secondary accent on the penultimate syllable of long words, and give to the others as much stress as to unaccented syllables in short words.—It is this peculiarity which brings upon Americans the charge of drawling, and which occasions the remark of foreigners that they can understand an American more easily than an Englishman."

ORNAMENTING ROOM WINDOWS.—The following very simple method of decorating windows, when it is desirable, to shut off a portion of light, and subdue its character, is described in the London Photographic News:—The glass must be thoroughly cleaned and freed from every sign of grease. Then mix on a slab of ground-glass, palette, or what not, a little of the tube oil color, sold for the purposes of the artist, diluted slightly with a little pale drying oil. Lay this thinly over the glass with a large, soft brush, and then taking a large hog-hair tool, the hairs of which are of a perfectly uniform length, hold it perpendicularly to the glass, and commence daubing the ends of the hairs, gently, and with an equal amount of pressure over the whole surface, until a uniform degree of opacity is secured, and the glass has all the appearance of being ground. Now, if you desire to give this a very decorative character, closely resembling that of what is termed embossed glass, you may do so with much ease. Draw out, first, on a piece of paper the required size, some pattern of an elegant character, a design in which may easily be discovered in any work on ornamental art, making the lines sufficiently strong to be seen through the semi-opaque glass; and then, with wooden points of various degrees of thickness, some finely pointed, and others wider and flat (like the edge of a chisel) trace out on the painted surface of the glass the drawing laid under it. The points will remove the wet paint. A piece of wash-leather is sometimes fastened to the ends of the sticks for the better clearing off of the paint, but in this case you must carefully prevent the leather becoming charged with paint, by repeatedly cleansing or changing it. This pattern being clearly defined and perfectly transparent, the glass is then put aside to dry, and fixed in its place the painted side inwards. To clean it use simply a little pure warm water *without soap.*

A MINISTER COMPLIMENTED.—The Rev. Mr. Snyder, of Watertown, Conn., once preached on the subject of the death and sufferings of Christ. He was a man of lively fancy and deep sensibility, and he preached so vividly the sufferings of Christ on the cross, that the Saviour was almost visibly crucified before that people. His heart was moved—he wept—and, in sympathy with him, the audience wept also. He thanked God that he had been enabled to plead so eloquently for his Master. He believed that great good would result from that sermon. As he left the pulpit, and was passing out of the church, a young lady of his congregation met him, and, with tears in her eyes, taking him by the hand, she said:—

"Oh! I was never more delighted in my life—*not even in a theatre!*"

DRY FOOD.—Through Milan runs a canal, on the bridges over which one is reminded of a curious passage in the history of the city. One of its old dukes, being placed under excommunication by the Pope, received the bull by the hands of two delegates. He heard it, and had them driven in state until they reached the bridge. They did not know why, but found their carriage suddenly stopped on the bridge, with the water at hand, while they were surrounded by the guards of the duke, who was a tyrant and a desperado. "My lords," said the duke, "which would you prefer, to eat or drink?" They looked at the water, looked at the guards, and said, "Here is too much water to drink; we should prefer to eat." "Very well, you shall have your choice," he said. The bull was produced, its parchment cut up in pieces, and the dignitaries of Rome were forced to eat it, and also the leaden seals by which it was authenticated.

☞ A novelist tells of lovers who agree to wave their hands toward each other at a certain hour across the Atlantic Ocean. One might suppose there would be waves enough between them without trying to make any with their hands.

☞ It is a matter of less importance that a man should state true views, than that he should state views truly.

THE DEAD WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife; she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who is busied, so unwearied; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave, and think of the past; it seems an amber colored pathway where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your own hands have unwittingly planted. Her noble tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead. The dear head that has so often lain upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untiringly are faded, white and cold beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur, "Oh, it is too sad!" There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to meet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watch the shadows of death gathering upon the sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared and beautiful words registered above. You *feel that* the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side, an angel presence. Cherish these emotions, they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender to her memory.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

WHERE MOSQUITOES COME FROM.—These pests of summer proceed from animalcules commonly termed "wiggle tails." If a bowl of water is placed in the summer's sun for a few days a number of "wiggle tails" will be visible, and they will continue to increase in size till they reach three sixteenths of an inch in length, remaining longer at the surface as they approach maturity, seeming to live on influences derived from the two elements of air and water; finally they will assume a chrysalis form, and, by an increased specific gravity, sink to the bottom of the bowl. A few hours only elapse when a short furze or hair will grow out on every side of each, till it assumes the form of a minute caterpillar. Its specific gravity being thus counteracted, it will readily float to the surface, and be wafted to the side of the bowl by the slightest breath of air. In a short time a fly will be hatched and escape, leaving its tiny house upon the surface of the water.

Any one who has had a cistern in the yard has doubtless observed the same effect every summer, although he may be ignorant of the simple and beautiful process of development. If a pitcher of cistern or other water containing these animalcules is placed in a close room over night, from which all mosquitoes have been excluded, enough mosquitoes will breed during the night to give any satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing by a shadow, half-stagnant pool on a midsummer's day, the full development of any amount of "wiggle tails" to the mosquito state can be witnessed, and the origin of these disturbers of night's slumbers thus fully ascertained.—*Scientific American.*

ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.—Verstegan, alluding to our ancient Saxon ancestors, says:—"They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moons of the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moons, the full moons, and the change should happen, as also their festival daies; and such a carved stick they called an *almond aght;* that is to say, 'al-mon-heed:' to wit, the regard or observation of all the moons; and hence is derived the name of almanac." After the invention of printing, almanacs soon became generally in use. The first recorded account in England of an almanac is in the Year Book of Henry the Seventh.

THE INNUMERABLE STARS.—While before the invention of the telescope, about three hundred years ago, the eye of man could not reckon more than 1,000 stars, while the most learned men of former ages supposed their number to be 1,022, or 1,026, the Bible all along testified that they were *innumerable*—except by God—compared them to the sand of the sea-shore, (as Herschel has done in modern times,) and told us that God had scattered them like dust in the immensity of space, and yet that he calleth them all by names, (Gen. xv. 5, xxii. 17; Heb. xi. 12; Isa. xl. 26.)

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.—When Louis Philippe and his queen were in exile, in Claremont, they visited the convent of the Sacred Cœur. The nun who conducted them through the house was so amiable and agreeable that the queen, on leaving, expressed her extreme satisfaction. "Perhaps," added her Majesty, "you will be interested to know who your visitors are. This gentleman is Louis Philippe, I am the Queen Amelie." The nun, bowing profoundly, replied, with a genuine smile, "and I am Mademoiselle Bonaparte."

THE VIOLIN A PERFECT INSTRUMENT.—It would appear that the violin is a perfect instrument, since, although more than two hundred and fifty years have transpired since its origin in Italy, and countless attempts have been made to improve upon its construction, it not only remains without material change, but connoisseurs esteem the oldest specimens of the greatest value—especially those made by the brothers Amati, and by Stradnarius, at Cremona, about the year 1650.

☞ People are seldom tired of the world until the world is heartily tired of them.

THE WICKET GATE.

Mid the fast-falling shadows,
Weary, and worn, and late,
A timid, doubting pilgrim,
I reach the wicket gate.
Where crowds have stood before me,
I stand alone to-night,
And in the deepening darkness,
Pray for one gleam of light.

From the foul sloughs and marshes
I've gathered many a stain;
I've heard old voices calling
From far across the plain.
Now in my wretched weakness,
Fearful and sad I wait;
And every refuge fails me,
Here at the wicket gate.

And will the portals open
To me who roamed so long,
Filthy, and vile, and burdened
With this great weight of wrong?
Hark! a glad voice of welcome
Bids my wild fears abate—
Look, for a hand of mercy
Opens the wicket gate.

On to the palace beautiful,
And the bright room called Peace;
Down to the silent river,
Where thou shalt find release;
Up to the radiant city,
Where shining ones await—
On, for the way of glory
Lies through the wicket gate.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEIR OF DANE.

William Lydney sat quietly enough in the strong room of the station, expecting a visitor. He had requested to be allowed an interview with his landlord, Ravensbird, and Inspector Young, had appeared to acquiesce, and to send a messenger for him. In point of fact, the messenger was despatched to the castle to inquire Lord Dane's pleasure on the subject. The door opened, and William Lydney rose in expectation, but he saw only the stranger who had been at Lord Dane's side that morning at the examination, the London banker.

"I bring you a line from Lord Dane," began Mr. Blair, putting the folded paper in his hand.

William looked at it and then at his visitor.

"From whom did you say?"

"From the true Lord Dane," was the whispered answer. "And I believe I have now the honor of speaking to the future lord. Your father in that note, bids you confide in me; he has done so. Perhaps it may be in my power to order your release."

"But what can you possibly have to do with it?" exclaimed young Lydney. "You are a friend of—of him at the castle; his town banker."

"You have been flourishing in Danesheld under false colors, Mr. Dane; so have I. I am not Lord Dane's (the title will slip out) banker, and how the report got wind, is more than I can say. I am one of the chief detective officers of the police force. Your father has called in my aid to assist him, and I am ready to assist you. First of all, what did bring you to Mr. Lester's with those companions last night?"

"I cannot explain; I cannot tell you anything about it," was the quick response.

Mr. Blair looked at him, doubts arising.

"*You could not have* broken in with those men for a nefarious purpose, surely?" he slowly debated, feeling very unpleasantly perplexed in his own mind.

"I!" returned William Dane, haughtily as any Dane had ever spoken. "You intimated but now your cognizance of my rank; I do not forget it, I assure you, or yet disgrace it."

"Will you give me your reasons for not confiding in me?"

"I do not know that I need object to that," said William, after deliberating. "I could not prove my own innocence without compromising another."

"I told your father you might confide in me as a friend, not as a detective officer. Do so, that I may be enabled to assist you; and I declare to you, upon my sacred word, that what you may tell me of any other party shall remain locked up in my own breast, it shall never be used against them."

"Never be spoken of? never betrayed?"

"Never, so long as I breathe, unless by your permission. I am not retained to work out this business at Mr. Lester's, it is nothing more to me than to any idle spectator, therefore I can safely give you the promise. Let me know the whole, from beginning to end. A curious suspicion has occurred to me more than once, having its rise from some words dropped last night, by that respectable member of society, Shad. Is it possible that Mr. Lester's son has been the actor in this, and not you; that the woman servant—Tiffie, or whatever her name is—mistook you for him in the confusion; and that you have been bearing the stigma to screen him?"

William Dane saw that it would be the best plan to confide the whole truth to Mr. Blair; and he did so. That Wilfred Lester was indeed the culprit, and that he had rushed in after him, having waited for him in vain near the castle, through Shad's tale; rushed in, hoping to bring him to his senses, and rescue him from his alarming danger. He gave the history of the deed as the motive of the inbreak, not plunder; he told that the object had been accomplished, and the deed was then in Wilfred's possession, unsuspected by Mr. Lester. It was William Dane, who, finding Lester amidst the shrubs, had torn the crape from his face, and seen him into his home.

"You see," he concluded, "I cannot declare these facts, without awfully compromising Wilfred Lester, and it is not my intention to do that."

"The facts must be confided to Squire Lester, and he must stop proceedings."

"I don't know. He is very bitter against his son. If he knew me for the true heir to Dane, I might have some influence with him," continued William, smiling, "and it should certainly be exerted for Wilfred. It may be better to wait and see what will turn up, so long as Wilfred is not suspected."

"You seem wonderfully easy under your own incarceration," observed Mr. Blair, gazing on his handsome face.

"A man with his conscience at peace, is generally easy under most circumstances. And as to the accusation—pshaw! I need only point my finger, and say there is the true Lord Dane at Ravensbird's, come home to assume his rights, and you may know me for his son; Danesheld would soon scatter the accusation to the winds.

"I think I can do that," said Mr. Blair. "Come with me."

He led the way into the general office, where sat Inspector Young on his usual stool, writing. At the same moment, the messenger, who had been despatched to Dane Castle, entered.

"Did you see his lordship?" inquired the inspector of the latter.

"Yes. And he says no person whatever, especially Ravensbird, is to be admitted to the prisoner."

"The interdict will not be necessary," coolly observed Mr. Blair, as he turned to the inspector. "Young, I am about to relieve you of your charge. This gentleman must be set at liberty."

The inspector stood in mute consternation.

"Where's the warrant for it?" he presently ejaculated.

"Your warrant is, that you are bound to obey my orders," said Mr. Blair. "Let that be your answer to any one who has authority to question you."

Mr. Blair opened the door, and bowed slightly, with every mark of respect, as Lydney passed him. Had the inspector possessed ten eyes, they could not have stared away his astonishment; it was not lessened when Lydney, laughing and looking back, spoke,

"I will not cherish resentment against you, inspector, for holding me your prisoner. But the day may come when you will thank your stars for not having made an enemy of me. Better, for your self-interest, that you made one of my Lord Dane."

As Mr. Blair and the ex-prisoner left the town behind them, and were nearing the Sailor's Rest, who should come full upon them, in a not very frequented part of the road, but Lord Dane. He was *swinging down from the castle to the station, to enforce his prohibition personally against any one's being* admitted to the prisoner. To describe his amazement when he saw Lydney, free and at large, would be difficult; he gazed, and rubbed his eyes, and gazed again, believing his vision must be deceiving him.

"What is the meaning of this? what brings that man here? at liberty?" demanded he fiercely of Mr. Blair. The latter signed to his lordship that he would speak to him privately, and Lydney, slightly raising his hat, which motion Lord Dane might take as one meant in courtesy or mockery, just whichever he pleased, strolled gently on.

"Circumstances have come to my knowledge since the examination this morning, my lord, which render it inexpedient that Mr. Lydney should be kept in custody. I have deemed it my duty to release him."

"What on earth do you mean?" ejaculated Lord Dane. "'Circumstances!'"

"They have, indeed. Mr. Lydney is no more guilty than you or I. *I know* it, my lord."

"I think you must be mad," returned Lord Dane, in his anger. "It was proved beyond doubt that he was guilty; Tiffie proved it; Shad proved it; the piece of letter Shad found the first night—"

"The letter is explained," interrupted the detective. "It was not written to any poacher; it was written to a gentleman in the neighborhood, Mr. Wilfred Lester, who must have dropped it out of his pocket in the wood, using part of it probably for wadding for his gun."

"Do you remember that, in thus releasing him, you have set my warrant, my authority at defiance?" resumed Lord Dane. "Have you forgotten who I am?"

"No, certainly, I have not forgotten. But my duty was plain before me, and I could but act upon it. I am only responsible, my lord, to one person, and that is my chief, Sir Richard Mayne. I am prepared to lay my motives before Sir Richard, and I am certain that he will approve them, and say I did right to release Mr. Lydney."

Lord Dane felt staggered. He knew how high in the force Mr. Blair was, and that he was a clever, prudent man.

"What are the circumstances you speak of—that could induce you thus to act?" he asked, in a less haughty tone.

"I am not at liberty to relate them, save to Sir Richard only, but I can assure your lordship they are such as to justify me. Certain private facts have been disclosed to me in my official capacity, and I have acted upon them."

"How dared Young connive at the escape of the prisoner, while he held my warrant for detaining him?" foamed Lord Dane. "He shall suffer for it."

"Young had no choice, my lord. When I issue orders, he has not the power to disobey."

"I shall go this instant, and order him to take that thief, Lydney, into custody again," cried Lord Dane.

"I must submit—with all due respect to your lordship—that it will be waste of time for you to do so. So long as I am here, I am chief of the police force, and Young is as my servant."

Lord Dane felt beaten on all sides. Never, since he became Lord Dane, had he been so bearded. Hastily determining to pour out the full grievance before Squire Lester, whom he looked upon as more injured than himself in the proceeding, and quite as much insulted, he turned on his heel to retrace his steps, vouchsafing no further word to Mr. Blair, and there his eyes lighted on a sight which did not tend to restore his temper to equanimity. Bending down till his face was nearly on a level with hers, and her hand retained in his, stood Lydney, talking to Maria Lester.

Away strode Lord Dane in his fury. Scarcely knowing what he did, he would have pulled Maria from her companion, with words of cutting insult to Lydney, and of reproach to Maria for "degrading herself."

"I beg your pardon, Lord Dane," William said, calmly putting him aside and shielding Maria. "Allow me, Miss Lester: I am quite capable of taking care of you."

"What would your father say?—to see you thus lower yourself to *his* level, Maria?" asked Lord Dane, controlling his voice to her. "An associate of dark villains, a midnight housebreaker! it is indeed fitting society for Miss Lester!"

Maria was exceedingly agitated, but she looked up at Lord Dane and spoke words of denial.

"He is not that: you do not know what you are saying."

"I heard he was cajoling Miss Lester to some purpose," retorted Lord Dane in his anger—"that he had nearly prevailed on her to forget social ties and decency, and unite her fate to his! I shall begin to believe it."

"As your lordship has entered upon the topic, I may as well avow that the first hope of my life is, that Miss Lester shall some time unite her fate to mine," he coolly said, while Maria fell into pitiable embarrassment. "Should she entrust her life's future to me, she shall find happiness, so far as I can make it. I may be able to effect that, better than your lordship would. Maria," he added, turning to her and clasping her hands in his emotion, "I cannot yet explain; but you will trust me still."

"Yes," she answered in the impulse of her heart's affection, "I repeat that I will trust you still, and forever. Let the whole world forsake you and speak ill of you, I will not. Lord Dane, you have provoked me to say this: you do not know what you are doing when you accuse *him* of housebreaking."

"Do you know, young lady," began Lord Dane, his lips turning rather livid, "that this style of conversation, of heroic avowal, is very like a taint on the future Lady Dane? Do not fancy I shall give up my bride to a criminal adventurer, although she may have been duped into a passing fancy for him."

"She shall be no bride of yours, Lord Dane," said William, a radiant expression lighting his countenance. "Not at least if I *can prevent it, and I think I shall have her* voice on my side. Be firm, my darling," he whispered, bending lower; "put your trust in me, and believe that I will make good all the words I have ever said to you. Though indeed," he called out, as he walked away with Mr. Blair who had come up, "should things turn out as—as—they may, there does I fear stand a chance that you may be Lady Dane."

Maria could neither understand the words nor the expression of his face, save that it spoke of deep, earnest love for her. She turned towards her home, and Lord Dane, all fire, strode by her side.

"No, no, I never will mistrust him," Maria was repeating over to her own heart. "The instinct that attracted me to him at first, whispering me that I might confide in him as I would in myself, that he was true as steel, stands by me still. Let the whole world turn against him, I will not. Was it unmaidenly to say what I did? Lord Dane should not have provoked me: and this dreadful fear, which I dare not mention, as to the real truth of last night's work, is terrifying me beyond control. Lord Dane is rich, powerful, and he is William Lydney's enemy, but God's mercy is over all."

At the outer gate of Danesheld Hall they met Squire Lester, who appeared somewhat perturbed.

"Dane, have you heard this extraordinary news?" he began, when he was still some yards from them. "One of my servants declares that Lydney is at liberty, and walking about unmolested: he ran home hastily to tell me."

"He is at liberty," said Lord Dane, arresting his steps. Maria stopped also. "I was coming to inform you. The police have set him at liberty on their own responsibility."

Squire Lester looked as though he could not understand. The police set at liberty a prisoner who had broken into his house, and been committed by Lord Dane? What could the world be coming to?

"And the first use he made of his liberty was to dare to stop Maria in the street, take her hand, and converse with her in private," resumed Lord Dane. "Mr. Lester, I beg you to *allow* for my thus speaking to you. You have sanctioned my addresses to your daughter and that must be my excuse: surely this intimacy with a banned man is neither seemly for her, as Miss Lester, or as my future wife. Had she permitted me to remonstrate against it, I should not have called upon you to do so."

"How could you, for shame, suffer him to speak to you?" demanded Mr. Lester, turning his angry face on Maria.

"Papa," she answered in a low tone, "he is not guilty; he is not what you think him."

"Your warrant for saying so, young lady!" Mr. Lester contemptuously rejoined.

"I have none that I can give; I have only the conviction of my own heart," she answered, much distressed.

"The conviction of your own folly," retorted Mr. Lester. "Am I to have two disobedient children? Go to your room, Miss Lester, and spell over the word 'disgrace;' do not come from it until you can tell me you will eschew it. I am proceeding to the police station, and you had better accompany me," he added to Lord Dane. "If the police dare to board me, I will convey this man to the county prison myself. Last night's work *shall* be investigated."

"Oh, papa, don't, don't!" uttered Maria, clinging to him as if to hold him back, as she burst into tears. "You don't know what you may do—what dreadful secrets it might bring to light. Has it never struck you that some one else may have been concerned in this instead of Mr. Lydney?"

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lester in consternation. "Are you going mad?"

"I dare not say what I mean; I dare not say it. But, papa, if you have any regard for your own honor and happiness, you will not press for an investigation into last night's work."

She retreated towards the house as she spoke, sobbing grievously. Mr. Lester looked after her in angry perplexity.

"What does she mean? Is she really mad? or can she have become so enthralled by that cursed adventurer, as to fear his being brought to public punishment?" soliloquised Mr. Lester, while Lord Dane tossed his haughty head, and curled his lip with withering scorn.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRESTLE CLOSET. MARIA LESTER.

It was evening, and Lawyer Apperly was walking at a strapping pace towards Dane Castle. Not to call upon its master, for Lord Dane and Mr. Lester, and several more dons of the vicinity were assembled in Danesheld, at a county dinner, and the fact was well known. Airing himself at the castle gate in the cold—a pastime he rather favored—was Mr. Bruff. He gave the good evening to the lawyer as the latter came up.

"Good evening, Bruff," was the response. "I want you to put on your top-coat and take a walk with me."

Mr. Bruff was surprised. "A walk, sir?"

"At the request of Lord Dane. He is waiting for you."

"Waiting for me!" uttered Bruff. "Why, what can he want with me? He is not taken ill, is he?" he added more quickly, the idea occurring to him.

"He is very ill," gravely responded Mr. Apperly. "I am not sure that he is not ill unto death."

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter with him?" demanded Bruff. "Where's he lying? Who is with him? Never mind my coat. When he stepped into his carriage here, an hour ago, he was perfectly well."

"Now, don't put yourself in a flurry, Bruff," returned the lawyer; "ill though he is, that will do him no good. He has need of your services, and has sent for you."

"But to be ill unto death!" cried Bruff, closing the castle gate, and turning towards Danesheld, side by side with Mr. Apperly. "Mercy prevent anything happening to him! He's the last of the race, and the title would become extinct."

"A sad calamity, that," remarked Mr. Apperly, taking a pinch of snuff. "You are attached to the Danes, Bruff."

"It's only natural that I should be, Mr. Apperly, serving them so long. I wonder who would have the castle then? The crown? or Miss Dane?"

"Neither has got it yet," was the lawyer's rejoinder, in a tone of significance. "But—"

"This news reminds me of the other night," broke in Bruff. "I was standing at the gate, sir, like you found me to-night, only that I was talking to a friend, and my lord came up the very image of a corpse, his face and hands a livid blue. I did not like to accost him, he seemed so scared and strange; he looked for all the world like a man who—"

"Had seen a ghost," interrupted the lawyer.

"A ghost!" uttered Bruff, disdainfully. "Like a man who was not many hours off his death-bed, I was going to say. Some sudden pain or inward illness must have attacked him: perhaps it's the same thing now. Pray goodness he gets over it!"

"I did not fancy you owned any ultra fondness for his lordship."

"Not as I did for the past family," spoke Bruff, with emotion; "especially for the old lord, and for Mr. Harry. I never did greatly like Mr. Herbert. But the rest are dead and gone, and he is Lord Dane. He is a good master."

"Could the old family—any one of them—rise from their graves to life, should you deem yourself bound to serve them or the present lord?"

"Why, the present lord would not be Lord Dane in that case," debated Bruff, after a minute given to consideration.

"Of course he would not."

"I should naturally serve the old family, whichever of them it might be," returned Bruff. "But where's the use of reaping up impossible speculations, sir?"

"Very true. Better put forth our best steps to the Sailor's Rest."

"The Sailor's Rest!" echoed Bruff, in astonishment. "Have they taken my lord there? What, in the name of stupidity, did they do that for? If they moved him at all, they should have brought him home."

Mr. Apperly said little more. Arrived at the Sailor's Rest, he marshalled Bruff up stairs and introduced him to the chamber. Bruff cast an impatient glance around; he saw Ravensbird, young Mr. Lydney, and some one seated on the sofa, whom he took but a passing glance at.

"Where is my lord?" he cried.

"There," said Mr. Apperly.

Lord Dane rose from the sofa, took a few steps alone, and stood before Bruff with a smile. Bruff's face grew long as he gazed, and he backed against the wall.

"Don't you know me, Bruff? I am real flesh and blood."

"It—it's the living image of what Mr. Harry once was, save the hair!" ejaculated Bruff, staring from one to another in hopeless perplexity. "But it can't be!"

"Yes it can, Bruff. Mr. Harry was not killed by his fall over the cliff, and Mr. Harry is alive still. I thought you would have known me better."

The water rushed into Bruff's eyes, and his very hands trembled with emotion, as he knelt down before Lord Dane.

"My lord! my true and veritable lord! I do know you now!" he uttered, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Old Bruff has lived long enough, now that he will see one of the real family reigning at the castle."

Lord Dane extended his hand, and bade him rise.

"I shall never reign there, and you will not serve me, Bruff; for, to the best of my belief, a few days will see me where I am supposed to be—in the castle crypt. But," added Lord Dane, motioning his son towards him, and resting his hand upon his shoulder, "I hope you will serve another, as truly and loyally as you would serve me. This will be the castle's future lord."

"He is—?"

"Another Geoffry, Bruff: the Honorable Geoffry William Lydney Dane; he is my only son. Be faithful to him for his father and grandfather's sake."

"I said he was a chieftain!" declared Bruff, his delighted eyes glistening; "the first time he ever came to the castle, I saw he was born to be a chieftain. Miss Dane declared he was like my lady; she did indeed!"

"Like my mother? Yes, the resemblance has struck me; but he has the high Dane features too. I am dying, Bruff; and I require a service at your hands first. Will you execute it?"

"Ay, my lord; anything for you and yours. Though it should be to the laying down of my life."

"But, understand, Bruff, it will involve treachery to him at the castle. We must meet treachery with treachery. He has been treacherous to me, and now comes my turn. You don't ask who it was sent me over the cliff."

Bruff did not ask, even now. A dark suspicion was stealing over him.

"It was Herbert Dane. But not in treachery. The treachery touching that, lies in his having duped everybody afterwards by passing himself off for innocent and unconscious. It is done and over; but something else remains. Where's that box, Bruff?"

"The missing box?" said Bruff, shaking his head. "My lord, I don't know; I have never known."

"It was my box, Bruff, and my mother's before me. You have seen it many a time. There is not the least doubt that Herbert Dane recognized it on the beach, and has got it in the castle. Now that box I must obtain. I have a detective at work, but it has struck us that you may serve the cause more effectually than he; though he seems a keen man, does Blair."

"Blair! Blair a detective! What does your lordship say?"

"Your friend Mr. Blair's a detective, Bruff, unsuspicious of the fact as you may have been. You must get this box for us out of the castle to-night."

Bruff was wandering out to sea again. He did not believe the box was, or could be, in the castle. Mr. Apperly explained, at a sign from Lord Dane.

"In the death-room there's the trestle closet, Bruff, and in the trestle closet there's a secret hiding place. The box we think is in it. If found to be there, will you get it here by stratagem?"

"Yes I will," replied Bruff. "If the box is my lord's he has a right to it; and I look upon myself as his retainer now, not Mr. Herbert's."

A little conversation, and their plans were put in execution.

Bruff and Apperly proceeded at once to the castle, a man waiting outside it with a truck. Bruff held the keys of the death-room, and he admitted Mr. Apperly to it through the outer passage, where they were not likely to be met by any of the servants: and Lord Dane was safe at the dinner. The lawyer pressed the spring in the closet, and the side slowly opened.

They found themselves in a room seven yards square, a room where an immense booty could have been stowed away, had smugglers ever so willed it. It was empty now, save for one small object in the middle—the missing box.

The missing box, open. Lord Dane had contrived to wrench back its lid. He had found, however, what he had not bargained for—an hermetically sealed case inside, which he had *not* yet succeeded in opening. Probably he had wanted tools and opportunity; possibly, having it safely in his possession, he did not haste to penetrate its contents.

"I'll tell you what," said Bruff. "He must have lugged this in here himself at the moment of its arrival, while I was seeing the miller's men out. Though how he could have had the strength to move it, is more than I can conceive."

"A desperate man finds strength for anything," returned the lawyer. "When he recognized that box as Captain Dane's, the very uncertainty of what was turning up, and what should bring it back in England, would make him desperate. We shall have a pull, to carry it from here to the cart."

"I say, Mr. Apperly," cried Bruff, in a whisper, "only to think of its having been Mr. Herbert who threw the captain over the cliff! Didn't he dissimulate!"

"He could do a paltry trick or two, could Herbert Dane. He served me one: it was about the lease of the Sailor's Rest. I accepted Mitchel for tenant, under the old lord's approbation, and the deposit was paid: my lord turns it all topsy-turvy as soon as he comes into power, gives it to Ravensbird, and I had my trouble and some cost for my pains. Steady, Bruff, get firm hold of the end. The case is of lead, you see; it is that which causes it to be so heavy."

Just about the time that they were moving the box, or a little earlier, Maria Lester was quitting her own house for a hasty visit to her brother's. She had not seen her father since the afternoon, when he ordered her to her room. Whether his mandate implied that she was to keep it exclusively until restored to favor, she did not know: had it been so, she was too miserable to obey. That WILFRED had been the real criminal of the preceding night, she had little doubt, and the fears, the distress that haunted her, nearly drove her what Mr. Lester had called her—mad. She did not dare to hint at her suspicions to her father; she believed he might be capable of prosecuting Wilfred: but, ever and anon, in the midst of her sick suspense, there would rush over her a vision of hope, of brightness—that, after all, she was judging him wrongly; that he was not, and could not be guilty of so base a deed.

Have you ever felt the rack of suspense, reader?—how far more terrible it is to endure than the actual reality? Then you can understand why Maria Lester stole out of her own house, almost like a criminal, hoping to gain some tidings, some little word of certainty, whether it might be of good or of evil, did she go for five minutes to her brother's.

It was dark night, but she took no attendant: was she not about to visit her proscribed brother? was she not disobeying commands in going out at all? She drew her veil over her face, and walked swiftly along.

Edith was alone when she entered, sitting in her low chair by the fire. She was beginning to gain strength and look better; for Sarah contrived in her unaccountable manner to procure all sorts of renovating dainties, not excepting wine.

"Where is Wilfred?" asked Edith, glancing nervously round the room.

"He has just stepped out to take a walk; expecting, I fancy, to meet Mr. Lydney," replied Edith. "I do not think he is very well."

"Who? Wilfred?"

"I mean Wilfred. He has been in quite a nervous state all day; actually nervous, Maria. So extraordinary for Wilfred, who is naturally careless and calm."

"Nervous in what manner?" asked Maria, her heart beating.

"Disturbed; restless. When people have come to the door, he has started to the kitchen window to peep out and see who it might be: once, there was a loud knock; he happened to be in the passage, and he came rushing in here and held the door to. I asked what he feared; what was the matter: he would not speak, but he was certainly agitated. He has seemed all day to be frightened at his own shadow."

Terrible confirmation! Maria sat on, feeling frightened at her own. Mrs. Lester resumed.

"Maria, what can be the true meaning, the facts of that business last night at the Hall? Wilfred will not say a word: any one would suppose that he might have gone out to-day, and learned the details, but he did not. I never can believe that Mr. Lydney is guilty: and if he has been released from custody!"

"Yes, he is released," murmured Maria.

"Upon what grounds? That his innocence has been indisputably proved?"

"I do not know."

"Sarah, too, has been in rather a queer way all day," pursued Edith. "When she heard that Mr. Lydney was arrested, it put her out unaccountably, for she has taken a wonderful fancy to him. And she has seemed as fidgetty as Wilfred over the knocks at the door, reconnoitering from the window before she would open it to any one."

"Was Wilfred out last night?" inquired Maria, in a low tone.

"Well now, that's what I am unable to tell you. I went to bed very early, and fell into one of those sound sleeps from which you do not wake easily: I suppose it is my weakness sleeping itself off. Wilfred was in bed when I woke this morning: I asked him what time he came up, and he said he thought the clock had gone eleven. But, Maria, there was a tone in his voice which did not sound a true one, and I fancied he might be deceiving me: so I asked Sarah, and she answered in that cross way she has, when put out, 'What should have taken him out?' Between the two I can get at nothing satisfactory."

Maria rose. In her desperate fear she would have put the question plainly to Wilfred, could she have seen him, and implored him to tell her the best and the worst: but it was uncertain what time he might come in, and she did not like to remain out long, not caring that Lady Adelaide should miss her. She wished Edith good-night: and Sarah, hearing her departing, went to the front door and opened it.

"It is quite dark, Miss Lester. Shall I put on my bonnet and run with you?"

"Oh, no, it will not do to leave your mistress alone, and I shall be home in a trice. You don't happen to know which way my brother is walking, I suppose, Sarah? I would meet him if I could, for I wish to speak to him."

"No, miss, I don't know. I wish I did," she added in a marked manner.

"Why?" distinctly asked Maria.

"Because I should be apt to go after him and pull him home: he is safer at home than out," was the woman's emphatic reply.

"Was he out last night?" inquired Maria, speaking in the strong impulse of the moment: and she knew that Sarah was faithful; she knew also that she was not blind to the doings of Wilfred.

"He was out," answered Sarah, sinking her voice. "And if he cannot be stopped at his game, Miss Lester, he'll come to—to—something bad."

"Sarah! I am sure you know all!" she wailed. "Where was he?"

"I know pretty well. Folks must be sharp to deceive me where my suspicions are wakened. But it's not for your ears, Miss Lester."

"My suspicions are awake, too, Sarah; awake to dread, to agony," she whispered. "Tell me what you know; it will be more kind to me than the letting me remain in suspense."

"He went out last evening as soon as missis had gone up to bed, and he never came in again 'till two o'clock, or past, and it was Mr. Lydney who brought him to the door," said Sarah, without further circumlocution. "I saw his hat this morning, Miss Maria."

"His hat! What do you mean?"

"There had been black crape pinned on the inside of it," she proceeded. "It had been torn out, but the pins and the edge was left."

Maria raised her trembling hand to her damp brow. The avowal was nothing more than her fears had suggested, but it turned her sick and faint. Visions of a felon's bar and he standing at it, rose before her eyes, and she felt that she would willingly sacrifice herself for Wilfred.

"I took the pins out, and I burnt the nasty edge of crape," added Sarah. "And I'm sure every knock that has come to the door to-day has brought my heart in my mouth, thinking it might be the officers of justice. If this comes out to Miss Edith—bother! I'm always forgetting and calling her that!—it will just kill her."

Maria walked away with her shivering dread. In every tree she feared an enemy, in every turn of the road an ambush—the officers of justice, as Sarah called them, watching for her brother. She was in view of her own home, and was passing the corner of the wood where Tiffie was wont to favor young Shad with her presence, when she came upon a tall, still figure, gathered under the shade of the trees. At the first movement she thought it was Wilfred, and threw up her veil.

"Is it you? out here alone?"

The speaker was William Lydney. He took Maria's hand in his, and told her he was looking for her brother, who had promised to meet him somewhere about there that evening, but who did not appear to be in a hurry to remember his appointment.

"I have been to his house," she answered, "and, going there, did not desire any of the servants to attend me. I—I—"

"You are ill—or agitated?" he rejoined, perceiving that she could scarcely speak. "Which is it, Maria?"

"Both, both!" she uttered, giving vent to the feelings that so terribly oppressed her. "Oh, William, tell me the truth about last night! The suspense is killing me."

"The truth! You do not doubt me, Maria?"

"Doubt *you!*" she echoed, clasping his hand between hers in her heart's trust, in her deep agitation, "I know that you are the firmest friend man can possess—that you have suffered this guilt to rest upon yourself to shield Wilfred. It was he who was the housebreaker last night—he was one of those men with the crape on their faces! he had crape on his! it has been told to me beyond dispute. I suspect that you followed him in, to draw him out of the crime."

He did not answer.

"Will you not let there be confidence so far between us, Mr. Lydney? It will not betray to me more of my brother, than I already know."

"Call me William, call me William," he hastily exclaimed; "the name sounds sweeter to me from your lips than it ever did before. You are right; Wilfred did so far forget himself as to join those men; or rather get them to join him. The knowledge that they had entered the Hall, came to me in a singular manner, and I made speed to enter it also, with the view of getting Wilfred out of it. But I arrived when the deed was done; Wilfred was already gone. I found him, tore the crape from his hat, and saw him safely home. That's the whole truth, Maria."

"And his object? That deed?"

William nodded.

"As I supposed. Did he get it?"

"He did."

"Papa has not discovered its loss then."

"No. I gathered that, this morning. Had he done so, it might have helped him to guess at the real offender."

"And you have generously borne the odium to shield him! you are bearing it still. While Danesheld is calling you thief, adventurer, turning you from its doors! If they did but know what they are doing! and I may not declare it. You can never be repaid."

"I am amply repaid now," he whispered, as he threw his arm round Maria's waist and drew her beside him. "Let them say of me what they will, so long as you will be my heart's confidant, and take my part, their words fall on me as the idle wind."

"But I cannot take it openly."

"That will come yet, Maria. A little time, my dearest, a very little time, and I may ask Mr. Lester to give you to me."

"Oh, William, do not speak of it," she interrupted, "it may never come. All this day, since this new and dreadful fear has been upon me, touching Wilfred, now it is a certainty, I have asked myself whether I ought not to sacrifice myself for him."

"Sacrifice yourself in what manner?"

"By marrying Lord Dane," she whispered, throwing her two hands before her face, as one does in mortal pain. "My father hinted to me that it should be the means of making his peace with Wilfred; he said that on my wedding day, he would restore Wilfred to favor, and allow him an income."

For a single minute, William Dane held a battle with himself—whether he should not confide to Maria who he really was. But he remembered the word passed to his father not to breathe a word of his rank until he could assume it, and he resisted the temptation.

"Maria," he gravely said, "you have trusted me before, trust me still. Mr. Lester's wish that you should become Lord Dane's wife, does not arise from any particular love for him, but for his rank, his wealth, his social position. I believe that, as my wife, your position will not be inferior to what it would be as his, and that Mr. Lester will acknowledge the fact. Promise me that until the relative merits of myself and Lord Dane can be publicly compared, you will hold yourself free."

She lifted her eyes to his in the starlight. "I do not know what there is about you, but you seem to possess the power of persuading me against my judgment. I do promise."

"I must have another boon from you yet, Maria—the permission to speak to Mr. Lester as soon as I shall find myself in a position to do so. Give it me now, and set my heart at rest."

"But that will imply—it will be giving you—" Maria stopped: she could not get on.

"It will imply that I am dearer to you than any one on earth; it will be giving me the hope of proving my love and gratitude to you throughout my whole life," he softly whispered, as he, for the first time, pressed his lips to hers. "My darling, give it me."

"Yes, yes," she answered, her heart wildly beating.

They stood a moment in silence. Maria broke it.

"I do not know why I trust you. We were, until recently, strangers. I know nothing of who you really are; and yet I do revere and confide in you above all, under God. But you may say I am lightly won."

"When I do say it, then reproach me," he answered with emotion. "With God above us, and those bright stars, His witnesses, hear me vow to you, that truly and fervently as I shall undertake to cherish and love you at the altar, so *will* I do it, all the more fervently as the years go on. You may register the vow, Maria, for it shall be sacredly kept."

"Why did you tell me this morning that I might yet become Lady Dane?"

"Ah! thereby hangs a joke," he laughed. "Perhaps you may have no choice yet."

"Choice of what?"

"Choice between becoming my wife and Lady Dane."

"William! I cannot understand you."

"Not yet, my darling. But you have promised to trust me; don't forget that. I will see you to the gate," he added, for she was about to move away.

Maria hesitated, deliberating whether it were better, should they be met, that she were seen abroad after dark, with William Lydney, or by herself. However, the distance was so short, that she made no objection. He drew her arm within his, and they walked on, slowly enough, it must be confessed.

We are apt to assure children that they never do a wrong thing but they are dropped upon. Just so it happened with William Lydney and Maria—though whether they were doing anything very wrong, the reader must decide for himself. They had all but reached the gate, when two persons came hastily out of it, and faced them—Mr. Apperly and the lady Adelaide Lester.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHAKING HANDS.

As a means of defence, the Englishmen use the clenched fist, and not the dagger, as the Spaniards and Italians do. They consider this a more noble, manly, and, as being more at hand when wanted, a more efficient power. But for friendship, as its most heartfelt expression, the worthiest, manliest, and sincerest sign of feeling, they give the open hand to us. Indeed, this English hand-shaking, when immoderate, as it sometimes is, has a somewhat comical effect. But it has its bright side also; for in this custom—hearty, strong, and sometime rough—we see expressed the deep, fraternal sympathy of this great nation. Bodily union, as far as the junction of the ten fingers can effect it, is a beautiful symbol of that of the soul, and almost all nations have adopted two hands clasped together as the emblem of mutual brotherhood and aid. There is a language, silent indeed, but ever variously expressive, in this custom. Think but upon its degrees—the pressure, the grasp, the hands held, twisted within each other, given or shaken, all, from woman's gentle touch, which seems to linger as a feeling, to man's nervous, strong retention. Mark those who, unacquainted with each other, or possibly estranged, offer the hand as a mere outward act of courtesy. How restrained is their action! how motionless, unfeeling, insensible! Like oil upon water, one hand rests within another. How readily they depart, each glad to escape from his hypocritical communion. On the contrary, when long-tried friends, who have been separated for years, again meet, with what haste and warmth of feeling do they not grasp the hand; how short, but hearty is their salutation, "Well met!" They seem riveted together as the links of a chain, true and inseparable, with hearts for any fate. And when we bid "Farewell!" does not our hand rest folded within another's, motionless, yet thrilling with gentlest touch? for sorrowed affliction has soft, restraining feelings, that lead us to retain the hand so often clasped in tenderness, at the moment of separation.

"FIRST a son and then a daughter,
Pain and trouble follow after;
But first a daughter, then a son,
And the world is well begun."

☞ An eccentric clergyman, in a discourse on religious charity, told his hearers that on occasions when they were called upon to aid in benevolent enterprises, many of them were in the habit of "trying to hide their souls behind a three cent piece!"

☞ A writer thinks that "Garibaldi, in exile, making candles on Staten Island, is a better subject for a painting than Cincinnatus at the plough." Here, now, is a good subject for an ambitious artist—the Dictator of Sicily, the hero of a hundred fights, at work in a candle factory on Staten Island; with his partner in that speculation, the tenor Salvi, laboring at his side. It is not a subject to make light of; and in time, Garibaldi dipping candles on Staten Island may become as famous as Alfred the Great baking cakes, which he did not "hurry up," in the neatherd's cottage.

THE NEW-BORN AND THE DEAD.

Lavater, in his "Physiognomy," makes the following curious remarks:—"I have had occasion to observe some infants immediately on their birth, and have found an astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father. A few days after, the resemblance almost entirely disappeared; the natural influence of the air and food, and probably the change of posture, has so altered the design of the face, that you could have believed it a different individual. I afterwards saw two of these children die, the one at six weeks and the other at four years of age—and about twelve hours after their death they completely recovered the profile which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked and more terse than that of the living. The third day their resemblance began to disappear. I knew a man of fifty years, and another of seventy, both of whom, when alive, appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physiognomies belonged, if I may so express myself, to a totally different class. Two days after their death the profile of one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other father might be traced in the third of his sons. The likeness was quite as distinctly marked as that of the children, who, immediately after their death, brought to my recollection the physiognomies which they had at their birth."

MUMMY OF A MANCHESTER LADY.—Many years ago, I recollect seeing in the Manchester Museum of Natural History the mummy of a female suspended in a case, with a glass door; and I was told that the figure represented a lady of the last century, well known in Manchester, whose life estates had been devised, after she was "dead and *buried*," to some relatives who treated her whilst living with great unkindness. To prevent their succeeding under this conditional devise of an eccentric father and brother, she bequeathed her estates to her friend, Mr. Charles White, the eminent surgeon, along with her body, which was embalmed, and kept by him, but never buried. The condition of this singular devise being fulfilled, Mr. White enjoyed the property, which descended to his son, and the original remainder-men dying issueless, this female benefactor of the White family was quietly buried in the Museum of her native town. Mr. De Quincey, when a boy at Manchester School, at the beginning of the century, became acquainted with the mummy, and in one of his works mentions its removal from the case, and the body of a notorious highwayman being substituted.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE PRINCES.—Queen Victoria's boys seem to be fond of dancing. Edward Albert here, and Prince Alfred at Cape Town, were happy only when tripping it on the light fantastic toe. Cape Town papers are occupied with describing the visit of Alfred, and his appearance caused as much of a sensation there, as did the Prince of Wales' here. The royal features evidently impressed the Cape Towners. One reporter, describing H. R. H. second, *at a ball, says:*—"*Look, what an air of thorough high breeding there is about him.* Every feature is a token of the best and purest blood. Every little movement is the spontaneous, unstudied action of a refined and delicate mind. There is no man in the room who dances with such gentlemanlike ease and elegance. And yet his eyes do not sparkle with boyish animation and the mere excitement of exercise. There is a shade over them, not a cloud, but a grave, thoughtful shadow, as if at his early age he was sensible of the perils of his path, the responsibilities lying upon him, the hopes, the fond expectations which are centered upon him. Truly, he is not born to one of the easy walks of life, and he seems to feel it. You can see that he is enjoying himself, but it is in a subdued, tranquil, thoughtful way, that speaks of a mind habitually set on things higher than mere enjoyment." One of the subdued things the young scamp's mind was set on was putting prickly thistles in Sir George Gray's bed, and that dignified gentleman was severely scratched upon retiring. The young Prince thought it was a fine joke, but Sir George didn't see it."

A FATHER ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTS HIS DAUGHTER DEAD.—A heartrending accident occurred at Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday evening. Mr. Jesse T. Newell, finding his little son playing in the house and yard with a pistol, took it from him, and while examining it, it was accidentally discharged. Laura (Mr. Newell's daughter,) a beautiful and interesting little girl of nine summers, was seated on the steps getting her lesson, when the pistol went off, and instantly jumping up, she exclaimed, "Oh! pa, you have killed me!" She fell forward, and instantly expired. The pistol had been charged with two buckshot, both of which had entered her right breast, and perforated her right lung. The unhappy father, almost bereft of reason by the distressing and heartrending accident, sought, in his frenzy, to take his own life. He seized a knife and made a desperate effort to cut his throat, but was prevented.

GOV. BANKS.—Gov. Banks's position in connection with the Illinois Central Railroad, for the purpose of assuming which he has gone to Chicago to reside, is that of "resident director." He represents the president and directors, who are scattered over the country and Europe, and cannot attend to the vast duties required of them from day to day; hence this additional office is found to be necessary. He sits as grand supervisor of the entire business of the corporation, which is decided into departments like the government of a State, only more vast and difficult than the government of most of our States. If a question arises which he declines to take the responsibility of settling, he can, if he chooses, submit it to the next regular meeting of the directors. Gov. Banks's salary is to be $8,500 a year, which is $4,500 more than he received as Governor of Massachusetts.

THE LADY WHO WORE NO JEWELRY.—One lady at the Prince's ball in Cincinnati was distinguished from the rest of the women by wearing no jewelry. Her name is Groesbeck, and we would bet a small sum she was the best dressed woman of the lot. Baron Renfrew observed that the lady was barren of *bijouterie*, and selected her as a dancing partner on that account. Overdressing is the crying sin of our American women, and the lady who on so notable an occasion, had the courage, self-reliance and good taste to dress with elegant simplicity, deserves immortal memory. Let Miss G. be illustrious forever as the woman who danced with the Prince and didn't wear jewels!

FOREIGN NEWS.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY FROM TURIN—ANNEXATION OF NAPLES—GARIBALDI TO BE A PRINCE—SARDINIAN VICTORY.

The Prince Albert brings advices from Liverpool to the 3rd of October.

The Neapolitans have voted almost unanimously in favor of the annexation of Naples to Sardinia.

The King of Naples had issued a protest declaring that he would consider the voting null and void.

A Naples despatch, of the 21st ult., says that Garibaldi has officially declared that he would lay down the Dictatorship on the arrival of Victor Emmanuel.

The head of Gen. Cialdini's columns encountered and defeated a corps of Neapolitans at Isernia. The general commanding the corps, with his officers and 800 soldiers and flag, were taken.

Another despatch says that Cialdini captured a portion of the Neapolitan artillery.

Victor Emmanuel arrived at Salonia on the 21st of October.

It was reported that provisions began to fail at Gaeta.

It was also reported that the French Minister of Marine had received a despatch announcing that Garibaldi's ships of war had captured a vessel bearing the Spanish colors, and another bearing the Austrian flag. The same authorities continue to assert that the Austrian demonstrations on the Italian frontiers were increasing; but, on the other hand, it was said that Austria had given the most positive assurances that she would not draw the sword unless an attack was made on Rome.

The Piedmontese troops were encamped at Picti, ten leagues from Rome.

The text of the Prussian despatch relative to the invasion of the Papal States is published. It censures the action of Sardinia, and rejects M. Cavour's justification, but does not threaten any active hostility on the part of Prussia.

The Austrian official, *Weiner Zeitung*, publishes a reform manifesto from the Emperor. Many sweeping changes in the constitution are proposed. Legislative power is only to be exercised henceforth with the co-operation of the Provincial Diets. The Kertchwatzh Court of Chancery is restored in Hungary, and other important concessions are made in that Province.

General Benedict and the Arch-Duke Albert William have been sent to Italy.

The Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Prince Regent of Prussia, were all at Warsaw, together with Prince Gortschakoff, Count Rechburg, and other prominent Ministers. Nothing had transpired with regard to the conference.

The Constitutionnel announces that the Emperor received an autograph letter from the Czar of Russia, explaining the nature of the Warsaw meeting, depriving it of any significance hostile to France.

It is asserted that Russia has positively refused to enter into any engagements with Austria which might lead to war.

The Duke of Richmond is dead.

It is reported that Garibaldi will be offered the rank of Prince and General after the annexation of Naples is effected.

The Paris Bourse was flat and drooping.

A Gotha newspaper supposes that the only daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, just turned 17, is the destined bride for the Prince of Wales.

FRANCE.—Count Persigny, the French Minister to London, had gone to Paris, on summons of the Emperor. It was reported that he would soon replace M. Thouvenal in the Foreign Office.

The French bishops and clergy continue boldly and vigorously to defend the Papal cause. It was believed that the Papal Nuncio at Paris would not return.

The Times' Paris correspondent says:

"The departure of the Pope's Nuncio from Rome was considered a forerunner of the Pope's quitting Rome."

The same authority says that "Seldom has the spirit of hostility been so general in the Church of France—never so boldly displayed. The pastoral circulars, allocutions and sermons, all denounce, and all but implore Divine vengeance on the invaders of the Papal States, and by implication on the Emperor.—The whole prelacy has been aroused throughout the country."

The Times does not think that the dead set of the French Episcopals, or the strong pressure of Austria and Russia, will induce the Emperor to waver in his Italian policy, which has cemented and confirmed England's favor.

The Paris Patrie announces that the English Ambassador to China has received an intimation that the Emperor will be disposed to peace if the Allies capture the Peiho forts.

PRUSSIA.—It is reported that Prussia will demand, as the price of her support of Austria, that the latter shall help her in reviving the question of the Danish duchies.

ITALY.—The statement is reiterated that the Austrians have largely concentrated their forces on the frontiers.

It is reported that the national vote in Sicily has been postponed till the 29th.

Advices from Italy say that as soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Sardinia is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign his political power and assume the functions of Commander-in-Chief of the land and sea forces of Southern Italy.

Garibaldi's Ministry still remained in office, on account of the popular demonstrations made against their resignation, and the expected arrival of Victor Emmanuel.

Sheridan Knowles, announced as lost by the wreck of the Arctic, is not Sheridan Knowles the author, but a mechanic of that name, belonging to Philadelphia, who was sent out by the American Bank Note Company, to perform some work for the Emperor of Russia.

THE MARKETS.—*Liverpool, Oct. 23.*—Cotton closed quiet but steady, at the advance of ⅛d on the previous week.

Breadstuffs are steady; Flour 6d higher; Wheat 1d@2d higher; Corn 6d higher.

Beef heavy and holders are pressing on the market; Pork quiet, but firm; Bacon quiet; Lard quiet, at 61s for fine; Tallow firm, North American 56s, and holders demand an advance. Sugar steady. Rice firm. Coffee steady. Rosin steady.

THE EXPLANATION.

Charles, discoursing rather freely
Of the unimportant part
Which (he said) our clever women
Play in Science and in art,
"Ah; the sex you undervalue;"
Cried his lovely cousin Jane;
"No, indeed!" responded Charley,
"Pray allow me to explain:
Such a paragon is woman,
That, you see, it *must* be true
She is always vastly better
Than the best that she can do!"

—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Fine sensibilities are like woodbines—delightful luxuries of beauty, to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things, if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

NAPOLEON ASKED TO PROTECT CHARLESTON.—NEW YORK, NOV. 1.—The *Courrier des Etats Unis* (Democratic) of to-day has an article on "The South and France," from which the following is translated:

"If our information is correct, overtures have really been made to the Government of France, to learn if, under certain circumstances, she would consent to take under her protection the commercial neutrality of some point on the Southern coast of the United States.

"The answer has been, that questions of this kind cannot be solved except in view of accomplished facts, owing to the entirely different aspect that they may wear according to circumstances.

"There was not, therefore, and there could not have been any encouragement of any kind, nor any hope authorized to any degree that this would be done. Nevertheless, those charged with the negotiation appear to have received the impression that, if a government, regularly organized in the name of the South, after having given proof of its independent existence, should proclaim one of its ports free, it would have a chance of obtaining the guaranty of the French flag for the point thus opened freely to the commerce of the world. Hence the idea of inaugurating the disunion movement by the erection of Charleston into a free port.

"The overtures we have spoken of are not, moreover, the only steps taken in France by those politicians of the South who are seriously occupied with the eventuality of disunion.

"Under their inspiration, the commerce of Virginia, South Carolina, and Louisiana is directed assiduously towards suppressing all intervention between them and French commerce. Advances, both individual and collective, have been made, with this object, towards our principal places—Havre, Nantes, Bordeaux and Marseilles. They have, of course, been well received, since they were accompanied by offers of all the advantages that could render them attractive and acceptable."

WOODEN SCHOOL SLATES.—Since the manufacture of wooden nutmegs, in the State of Connecticut, has ceased, the people have turned their attention to the manufacture of all sorts of Yankee notions, from patent sewing birds, in the manufacture of which a fortune has been made, and wooden clocks, in which fortunes have been made and lost, down to campaign medals, of which one manufacturer turns out ten thousand per diem. About the last invention contrived by one of these ingenious people is the manufacture of school slates out of wood. Not long ago, Messrs. Dean & Munger, of New Haven, Conn., took out a patent, through this office, for the manufacture of this article, and from their manifest superiority over the old stone slate, they are going into almost universal use. They are made of three thicknesses of veneering glued together and covered on both sides with a black coating of just the proper degree of roughness to receive the impression from the pencil, and are then framed in the usual manner. Their most striking peculiarities are their extreme lightness and durability; they may be thrown down and even stamped upon without being broken. The same firm also make blackboards with the same covering.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.—The following list shows the names and times of births of each of the royal family of England:—

Name.	*When born.*
Princess Victoria	May 24, 1819.
Prince Albert	Aug. 21, 1819.
Princess Royal	Nov. 21, 1810.
Prince of Wales	*Nov. 9, 1841.*
Princess Alice	*April 25, 1843.*
Prince Alfred	*Aug. 6, 1844.*
Princess Helena	May 25, 1846.
Princess Louisa	March 18, 1848.
Prince Arthur	May 1, 1850.
Prince Leopold	April 7, 1853.
Princess Beatrice	April 14, 1857.

There are nine children of Victoria and Prince Albert, four boys and five girls. These are all, except the Princess Royal, who married the Crown Prince of Prussia, to be provided with partners by marriage, and these partners must be found among the royal families of the Continent. As most of the sprigs of royalty on the Continent are poor, it will cost England a handsome sum of money to support in royal style these children of her Majesty.

GRACE DARLING'S FAMILY.—The Grace Darling family have again performed a humane act. On the evening of Tuesday, the 8th instant, the sloop Trio, Anderson, of Arbroath (coal,) for Leith, left Shields with a fair wind, and was overtaken by the gale on Wednesday morning off North Sunderland; got as far as Skate Roads, when they let go both anchors, which during a perfect hurricane, were snapped, and the vessel drifted on the Longstone Rock, where the Farfarshire was lost. The master and crew had great difficulty in getting from the ship, and after being twelve hours on the rock were picked off by the father, a brother, and two nephews, of that heroine Grace Darling—the father now being in his 76th year, fifty of which he has been in the Light-House service—and after being kindly treated by them, they were landed next day at North Sunderland, whence they were forwarded to Arbroath, by the Shipwrecked Fishermen's Society.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—About 150 acres have been planted in Burlington county, N. J., with cranberries this season. A patch of 10 acres, planted by a Mr. Allen, has yielded 150 bushels per acre, which he delivered to purchasers for $4 per bushel. The expense of planting them was $35 per acre, and the cost of gathering from 50 to 60 cents per bushel. This latter operation was mostly done by women and children.

☞ COARSE BREAD.—Dr. Tucker, in the Maryland Medical Journal, denies that coarse bread is useful in dyspepsia. On the contrary, he says it relieves the constipation at the risk of aggravating the real difficulty. He believes cold and stale wheat bread to be most digestible, and therefore the best for dyspeptics. How are we ignorant, common people ever to know what to eat, if the doctors can't agree themselves about it?

☞ BELL AND EVERETT.—We find this squib flying about. It isn't bad:—

Mr. Everett "a rich Southern widow" soon weds,
And "whoever it can be," makes fools rub their heads,
But why mystery's made of the thing I can't tell,
As he's followed for months a *well-known Southern Bell.*

☞ He who writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives, must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread, and the malice of the many for his fame.

☞ Curiosity is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs, and overlook our own. Xenocrates, reprehending curiosity, said it is as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as with your feet.

LIGHTING MANUFACTORIES BY WATER POWER.

The experiments with Way's electric light have demonstrated that a brilliant and constant light may be maintained without any other expenditure than that of mechanical power; but if the power is obtained by a steam engine, the cost of the fuel makes the light expensive. As our cotton and woollen manufactories that are driven by water power, almost always have a surplus of water in the winter months, the only season during which they are lighted, would not the owners find this the best and cheapest plan for lighting their establishments?

An hour glass, containing a supply of mercury, would be placed in the middle of each room, just under the ceiling, and insulated wires, passing perfectly air-tight through the glass, would lead to a magneto-electric machine in any convenient part of the establishment. The wires would connect with the mercury in each end of the glass, and when the magneto-electric machine was turned by the water wheel, the current of electricity passing along the wires, would run through the slender stream of mercury flowing down from the upper chamber of the hour glass to the lower, the light being given out by the electric current, as it darted from drop to drop of the mercurial stream. When the mercury had nearly all run down from the upper bulb of the glass to the lower, it would be necessary to turn the glass over, for which purpose it might be connected to simple clock work, and the wires would be brought out of it through the axle on which it was hung. A separate machine would probably be required for each light, and the power demanded would be considerable, but the room would be filled with such a flood of light as was never yet seen in a manufacturing establishment, and all the current expenses would be the very trifling outlay required to keep the apparatus in repair.

We expect to see before long the Lowell and Manchester manufactories illuminated at night as brilliantly as by day, by the use of electricity in some manner, and most probably by the magneto-electrical machine and mercury light of Professor Way.—*Scientific American.*

THE TEXAS "PLOT."—"J. B. D." writes to the *Louisville Democrat*, from Lamor county, Texas, as follows:—

Seeing that the many rumors and reports which were circulated through our State a few month since, as to abolition emissaries, insurrections, &c., are being published and accredited by many of the papers in the older States, I desire, through the columns of your paper, to say to my friends in Kentucky, and to the public generally, that all such rumors are altogether unfounded. It is true that, during the exceedingly hot and dry weather of the past summer, there were many destructive fires in the State of Texas.

"The town of Henderson was nearly destroyed—that of Dallas greatly damaged, and some houses burned in other towns in different parts of the State. But the origin of these fires, as far as yet ascertained, was either from the ignition of matches or some other accidental cause. *I have not been able to learn of a single instance in which there was the slightest evidence that it was the work of an abolition emissary—in fact, I don't believe there is one in the State, though there are some characters nearly as bad.*

"As to the reports that poison had been found in the possession of negroes in various and sundry parts of the country, and in wells, &c., they are all false, as far as I have been able to learn. I have not met with a single man who knows of an authenticated instance. Yet these reports were published by all the papers in the State, and accredited by many, and the people in many parts were excited almost to desperation. Who originated these reports, and for what purpose, are the questions that have perplexed the good citizens of our State for some time past. Such reports are certainly calculated to injure the State, and keep away such emigrants as desire to come."

A MAMMOTH SHIP OWNER.—Mr. William S. Lindsay, M. P., now in the United States as a volunteer diplomatist, was born at Ayr, in Scotland, and was left an orphan at six years of age; left home at the age of fifteen, and worked his passage to Liverpool on a steamer; slept for seven long weeks in the streets and sheds of the city, and at length started on three years' sailor's life as the cabin boy on a West Indiaman. His trials were not over. He was shipwrecked, and had both legs and one arm broken. At the age of nineteen he was in command of the Olive Branch, when, in 1839, in the Persian Gulf, he was assailed and cut down with a sabre, and to save himself, killed his assailant with a pistol shot. He left the sea the next year, and in 1841 became agent for a coal company.

Mr. Lindsay, in 1845, moved to London, and commenced the business which made him one of the merchant princes of that great city. In 1852, he owned twenty first-class ships, insured risks to the amount of $14,000,000, while the house of which he was the head, chartered seven hundred ships, chiefly to India and the Mediterranean. Thus had the immigrant from Ayr become one of the largest shipowners and brokers of the united kingdom.

Mr. L. tried to get into Parliament in 1852, but corruption and aristocratic influence defeated him. In 1854, he was elected for Tynemouth by the meagre majority of seventeen, and in 1857, was elected without opposition. He is now forty-four years of age.

AMERICAN COOKING STOVES ABROAD.—We learn by the Ironmonger, a London periodical, that American cooking stoves have been introduced into that city, and have met with great favor by those who have used and examined them. It states that "the patterns of these stoves were imported from America, and they are commended for beauty, comfort, cleanliness, and the saving of fuel. Our contemporary observes that there is no country in the whole world where fuel is burned so extravagantly as in Great Britain; a circumstance no doubt, owing partly to the abundance and consequent cheapness of mineral fuel, partly to the prejudice of English people in favor of a large open fire, and lastly, and possibly chiefly, to the fact that certain fashions, both in pattern and material, have got possession of the market, and are difficult to displace by those which are even far superior."

WIDE AWAKE PROCESSION IN BALTIMORE.—On Thursday evening of last week, about 250 Republican Wide Awakes paraded through the streets of Baltimore. They were received with great demonstrations of popular antipathy, but protected by the police. A Republican meeting held in the Front street theatre, was also greatly interrupted, until the police cleared the building of all but the Republicans. A number of the Wide Awake transparencies were destroyed by missiles, and several persons slightly injured.

☞ The Charleston Mercury having given currency to a report that Mr. W. B. Astor had contributed a *million of dollars* towards the expenses of the election in New York, the N. Y. Courier "hopes nobody will tell Mr. Astor of the report, as the mere suspicion of his giving a million of dollars would send him to a lunatic asylum."

NEWS ITEMS.

New time tables between New York, Philadelphia and the West, go into operation next month. The time from New York to New Orleans is 89 hours and 35 minutes.

Princess Alice, the second daughter of Victoria, has been betrothed to Prince Louis, of Hesse Darmstadt. The Prince is nephew to the reigning Grand Duke, and cousin to the King of Prussia.

Lady Franklin is spending her time very unostentatiously in New York, at the house of Henry Grinnell, Esq., prior to her departure for California.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, is lecturing at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the History of Christianity, from the Advent of the Saviour to the Protestant Reformation.

It has been given out that Joe Smith, Jr., who has recently been made "Head of the Mormon Church," has summoned the faithful to return to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, where their ancient temple is located.

The style of weddings in London is getting to be most magnificent, and at the best weddings there are sometimes sixteen bridesmaids—all wearing vails, and looking like a procession of nuns, though perhaps not quite thinking as staidly. As it is the fashion to make each a costly present of a diamond locket of no less value than £100, the money mounts up with the increase of this unusual item of marriage expenses.

Nebraska.—The Territorial Board of Canvassers having canvassed the returns for delegate to Congress, Morton (Dem.) has 14 majority over Dailey (Rep.), and has been awarded the certificate of election.

Dave Marsh, of North Adams, has dreamed the mystery of the coal-oil business. He says they are sinking wells into a great whale that got lodged between the rocks at the time of the flood; and the reason they exhaust some wells is, because they have dug way through the whale. On being asked why the oil was coal instead of sperm, he had a horse to hitch up very suddenly, and disappeared.

Fires in the Prairies in Minnesota.—Says the St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat:—Nightly the horizon, in different directions, is aglow with the light of burning prairies. Some of these fires are close by us, others at a great distance away. We hear that much damage has been done in some portions of the State—hay, grain-stacks, fences, and even barns and dwelling houses, have been destroyed.

Rarey, the great horse-tamer, is soon to arrive in this country, having gained both fame and fortune in Europe. We presume he will exhibit the application of his system in our principal cities.

At the last meeting of the "Boston Society for Medical Improvement," Dr. Jackson said the practice of opium-eating was exceedingly common in our country towns, and this opinion was confirmed by other physicians present.

A Sensation Story Spoiled.—The terrible disclosures of Mr. Lackey to the Washington correspondent of the New York Times, respecting the intention of the members of the Cabinet to begin the work of secession on the morning of the 7th of November, turns out to be a hoax, or a premeditated falsehood. No responsible person about the Treasury Department knows Mr. Lackey, or communicated any such information as is given on the authority of his name.

At the Imperial print works, Vienna, there are ten presses, into which the paper is fed in webs from the rolls as they come from the paper mill. The sheets are cut off in lengths as they enter the presses, and when they are fed in to print on the opposite sides, it is done in the usual manner.

The London Mechanics' Magazine states that rails 27 feet in length and 82 pounds to the yard, are being made at the Darlington Iron Works, and are the largest which have yet been rolled. Railroad companies discover that, by having strong rails and heavier engines, large trains are worked with less labor, greater dispatch, and at a smaller cost than when lighter stock is used—one train doing the amount of carriage work that three usually perform.

Two telegraph operators can carry on silent conversation together by making the dots and lines of the Morse alphabet on each other's hand with their fingers.

Decimal Currency in New Brunswick.—The decimal currency now being coined in England for the North American Colonies, will not be ready before the beginning of 1861, and the people of New Brunswick have taken steps to secure a supply of American five, ten and twenty-five cent pieces, to facilitate the transaction of business with the banks and treasury, after the first of November.

A Powerful Light.—The New York Journal of Commerce states that the New York Central railroad company has adopted the "Smith" light, for general use, upon the locomotives of their road. "By the aid of this light," says the Journal, "the print of a newspaper can be read 2,400 feet distant." Nearly half a mile!

Funny.—The day after the receipt of the news of the Pennsylvania election, *forty-seven* letters, addressed to his "Excellency," Abe Lincoln, were, we are told, deposited in the post office here, for transmission to the rail-splitter. Wonder if the writers want a Job?—*New Orleans Delta.*

The wife of a cotton broker at Montgomery, Ala., received and opened a despatch in the absence of her husband. It ran:—"Your darling—sick—Saint Nicholas—send $1,000—true love—only—Mary—New York, Sept., '60." Jealous surmises and fainting fits employed the wife till her husband's return, when, curbing her feelings, she handed him the missive. She was comforted by an explanation from his telegraphic cypher book of the mercantile character of the dispatch.

Dark Spot on the Sun.—From early yesterday morning up to 10 o'clock, a dark spot could be seen on the sun *by the naked eye*, apparently covering one-twenty-fifth portion of its disc. At 12 o'clock it could be seen through a piece of smoked glass, but appeared considerably smaller than it did in the morning. Such a phenomenon, as far as known, has never before been experienced by the naked eye, and we would be pleased if some learned gentleman would throw light on the subject. This spot, which in the morning was seen in the upper portion of the right lower quarter of the sun, late in the evening could be seen in the extreme upper portion of the left lower quarter, thus changing its position.—*Selma (Ala.) Reporter, 17th.*

Blondin Gets his First Fall at Troy.—While Blondin was performing on stilts at Troy, on Tuesday week, he attempted to turn a summersault, but the crotch that sustained the rope suddenly gave way, and he fell *among the* seats and people below. He was considerably hurt by the fall, and one of his arms appeared to be partially paralyzed by coming in contact with the hard substance of the back of a seat.

We Return to Wooden Shoes.—The Shoe and Leather Reporter says:—The plan of using shingles in the bottoms of shoes originated about thirteen years ago, the first lot being cut in New Hampshire; the use of paper and straw board began about the same time. To give some idea of the extent of this branch of this business during the past year, five or six acres of heavy pine timber have been used for wood filling, nearly all by the manufacturers of Natick, Massachusetts, and the adjoining towns, in the soles of brogans.

Colored Families Emigrating to Philadelphia.—Seventy-five or eighty free colored families have come to Philadelphia from Charleston, South Carolina, within a few weeks. The reason given for this unusual emigration, is the fact of the passage of a law in South Carolina, which requires all free colored persons to wear a distinctive badge. The families referred to had more or less means at their disposal, and rather than submit to what they deemed an indignity, they have removed North. Several families also went to New York. Those who have come here have taken up their abode in South, Fitzwater, and other streets in their neighborhood. They are generally mulattoes, quadroons, and other light shades of the negro race, and some of them are almost as fair in complexion as the Caucasian race, showing a large admixture of "white blood" in their veins.

The ultimatum of the United States Government had been rejected by Peru, so far as the Lizzie Thompson, Georgiana and Sartoris claims are concerned. This refusal would compel the American Minister to demand his passports.

From the N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE GREAT INVENTION.

The poor woman's riches,
The rich woman's bliss.

In the war which is going on among the sewing machines, there is something comforting in the fact that nobody is killed, and the community in general derive a permanent benefit. As in the political world, where a great variety of opinions prevail, and each party has its favorite leader, so among the sewing machines, we find a great variety of opinion, and each one loud in their praises of the one they think the best. Unlike political opinions, however, we regard all the sewing machines as a blessing. From the greatest to the least, from the splendid cabinet machine of Grover & Baker, down to the smallest machine invented, we find a labor-saving benefit to all the families in the land. In so saying, however, we must not be considered as recommending a cheap article, as to our sorrow, we have invariably found that a cheap article is in the end the dearest.

We speak from experience when we say that, after having tried all the principal sewing machines, we must accord to that of Grover & Baker the pre-eminence. Those indispensable features of sewing, strength, uniformity and elasticity, all of which are brought out in this incomparable invention, make it the first sewing machine in the country. Others have their good points, but this combines all, and possesses every characteristic necessary to make it most desirable. We know one lady whose appreciation of this machine, after a trial of years, is such that she would part with almost every other article of household furniture before she would allow it to be taken. She understands the different varieties of sewing machines, and has tested the merits of all; but Grover & Baker's noiseless machine, with its firm uniform stitch, surpasses, in her estimation, all others. In that lady's opinion we have the most unlimited confidence, her taste and judgment being excelled by none. Nor has her judgment been formed hastily. She has, with a view of thoroughly testing the merits of the different sewing machines, given the most of them a fair trial, and the result is as above stated.

The Grover & Baker Company, from being one of the oldest and most successful of the originators and directors of the business, and having associated with it men of the greatest artistic skill, possesses facilities above those of others in making such improvements as are calculated to bring the sewing machine to perfection. In their magnificent establishment on Broadway, they have in the finest taste fitted up a large drawing-room, where a great number of ladies may be found every day, either learning or perfecting themselves in the art of sewing; and we would say to our lady friends who have hitherto remained skeptical in regard to this great invention of the age, an hour could not be more profitably spent than at this establishment.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102	102½
" " new	100½	102½
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	45	—
All'ny City 6 pr ct,	65	70
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct,	102	—
" 5 "	94½	92
Texas 6 "	91½	92
" 5 coupon	89	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1860	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	99½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1872-6	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	141	—
Philadelphia	120	122
Far & Mec	58	—
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	82	—
Mechanics	77½	—
Southwark	95½	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	55	—
Girard	48	—
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45½	—
Consolidation	75½	—
Commonwealth	40	—
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Germantown	—	35
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg,	59	—
Exchange	56	—
Kentucky, Ky	—	121
Northern	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	100	—
Union, Nash., Tenn	30½	38
Planters "	103	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	20	24½
Lehigh Zinc	1	—
New Creek "	—	1
New Grenada "	—	1
N America Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	60
Bonds	—	103
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	103
2nd "	97	90
stock	33½	33½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	125	127
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '93	75½	76
stock	—	34½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	—	60
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	42½
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R '73	43	47
Penn R R '75	—	35
Wilms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	75½	75
" 2nd "	19	19
stock	2	2½
Catawissa	3	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	63
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8	10½
6 pr ct loan	74½	75
Phil Ger & Nor R R, stock, div'd off	49	—
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	—	63½
Har & Lan R R stock	50	51½
bonds '72	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	17
Long Island R R stock	12½	13
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	73	74½
imp. 6 pr ct	90	—
stock	—	32
preferred	20	23
Lehigh Nav stock	43	—
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	42½	42
Morris Consol'd	—	64½
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del	10	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	19	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1878	54	57½

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 3, 1860.

Pennsylvania.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
New Jersey.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
Delaware.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
Maryland.
Baltimore par to ½ dis
Solv bks ½ dis
New York.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
Maine.
Solv bks ½ dis
New Hampshire.
Solv bks ½ dis
Vermont.
Solv bks ½ dis
Connecticut.
Solv bks ½ dis
Massachusetts.
Solv bks ½ dis
Rhode Island.
Solv bks ½ dis
Virginia.
Solv bks ½ dis
Dist. of Columbia.
Solv bks ½ dis
North Carolina.
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis
Georgia.
Solv bks 1 dis
South Carolina.
Solv bks 1 dis
Alabama.
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis
Mississippi.
All bks uncertain
Louisiana.
Solv bks 1 dis
Ohio.
Solv bks 1 dis
Kentucky.
Solv bks 1 dis
Indiana.
State Bank 1 dis
Illinois.
Solv bks 1½ dis
Missouri.
Solv bks 2 dis
Tennessee.
Old bks 1½ dis
Michigan.
Solv bks 1½ dis
Wisconsin.
Solv bks 1½ dis
Texas.
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston — dis
Iowa.
State bk 1½ dis
Kansas.
Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
Minnesota.
Bank St Paul 5 dis
Canada.
Solv bks 1 dis
Florida.
State bk 2 dis

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour opened dull and unsettled, and some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have reduced their prices 12½@25c ₱ bbl; some 12,000 bbls have been disposed of in lots at $5,62½@5,75 for superfine; $5,62½@6 for common Western and good Penna extra; $6@6,25 ₱ bbl for extra family, including about 6000 bbls, mostly Western family, taken on terms kept private, and $6,50@7 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and 300 bbls Penna Meal only found buyers at $3,50 ₱ bbl, at which rate it is freely offered.

GRAIN—The week's sales reach about 60,000 bus, in lots, at from $1,30 to 1,36 for common to prime Penna and Western reds, closing at $1,35 for Ohio; $1,35@1,38 for good and prime Southern do, and from $1,40 to 1,56 for common to choice white, mostly at $1,42 to 1,45 for Ohio. Rye is selling in lots as wanted at 78c for Penna; 74c for Southern, and 80c for Northern. Corn is unsettled and lower, with sales of some 35,000 bus to note at 71½@73c for prime Southern and Penna yellow, mostly at 72c afloat; 70@71c for fair quality; 73@75c for white, and 50@58c for new yellow, as to condition. Oats are dull, and only about 18,000 bus found buyers at 34@35½ for Southern and 36@37c for Penna, as in quality. Barley is dull and unsettled.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of all kinds are very light and prices about the same, with a small business to notice in barrelled meats. Mess Pork selling as wanted at $19½@19¾, and city Mess Beef at $12@14 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon, the sales are mostly in small lots to go South, at 11@11½c for Sides and 9½@9¾c ₱ lb for Shoulders, cash and time. Hams are scarce, and new city cured are jobbing out at 13½@14c. Of Green Meats we notice sales of 300,000 lbs, mostly on terms kept private, including ice-cured sides at 9½@9¾c. Lard is steady at 13c for prime Western in tierces and bbls, and 13@13½c for kegs, and the receipts and sales light. Butter continues dull, solid selling at 10@11c, and roll at 12@13c. Cheese is unchanged, with sales at 10½@11c. Eggs are scarce and quoted at 17½@18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The demand is fair; some 1800 bales have been disposed of at from 5c to 10½@12¼c, and 13¼c for pickings and inferior up to middling and middling fair uplands and gulfs, cash and time.

BARK continues in demand and scarce, with but little coming in, and about 150 hhds have been taken, mostly to arrive, at $28 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark is dull, the season being about over.

BEESWAX is wanted, selling in a small way at 34@35c ₱ lb. There is very little offering.

COAL—There is a good demand both for shipment and home use, and prices are firm and on the advance, some descriptions being very scarce. We quote white ash Schuylkill at $3,60@3,70, and red ash at $3,80@3,90 ₱ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE has been in fair request at steady prices, and most of the recent arrivals, some 5000 bags, have been disposed of at 14½@15c for Rio, and 15c for Laguayra, on the usual credit, leaving the market nearly bare of all kinds.

COPPER is dull, with further small sales of Yellow Metal at about previous quotations.

FEATHERS are selling in lots as wanted at 48@50c, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—Sales of green Apples at $1,25@2,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples sell slowly at 3½@4c, unpared Peaches at 6@8c, and pared do 10@12c ₱ lb. Cranberries range at $8@13 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers. 900 bales Jute sold, to arrive, on terms kept private.

HIDES—The firmness of holders limits operations, and a few small sales, including 1600 Caracas, are reported at fully former rates. An arrival from Porto Cabello, just in, remains unsold. Of Slaughter sales are making at 9@10c ₱ lb, as in quality.

HOPS are scarce, and firm at the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 32@36c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market is inactive but steady, with a small business to note at $22½@23 for Anthracite No 1; $21½@22 for No 2, and $20@21 for No 3 on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig, Blooms or Boiler Plates worthy of notice; Bars and Rails are also quiet and prices the same.

LEAD is quiet, with a light stock to operate in, and we hear of no sales this week.

LEATHER—The market is firm, with a light stock of heavy Sole and Slaughter to operate in, and prices are fully sustained and firm; common stock, however, is plenty and dull.

LUMBER—Business has been dull this week, but prices are without any quotable change. White Pine selling at $14@17, Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10@10½. Further sales of Laths are reported at $1,75@1,80 ₱ M, and Pickets at $6@7, as to size; Cypress Shingles are selling in lots at $13@14 for 2 feet, and $20@21 for long do.

MOLASSES—The market is without any material variation, but dull.

PLASTER—The demand has fallen off, and the market is dull—the last sales of soft were at $2,62½ ₱ ton.

RICE is dull and the transactions limited, at 4½@4¾c ₱ lb, usual terms.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Clover-seed and nearly all offered, some 4000 bush. have been taken at $6@6¼ ₱ bush, the latter for very prime lots. Of Timothy, further sales of 1400 bush are reported a $2¾@2¾ ₱ bush, and 1200 bush recleaned at $2¾. Domestic Flaxseed is dull and selling slowly at $1,62@1,63 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS—Brandies continue firm and on the advance, without much doing in the way of sales. Gin—No change. New England Rum sells as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is unsettled and rather scarce at the close, bbls selling at 22½c for Pennsylvania; Ohio do at 23c; Drudge 21½@21¾c, and hhds 22c.

SUGARS—The market is dull, buyers taking hold in a small way only, at about previous rates—sales include 300 hhds, at 7@7¼c for Cuba, and 7¼@7¾c for Porto Rico, on time.

TALLOW is more inquired for: city selling at 10½c, and country at 9½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is rather more active, and a fair business doing in Leaf and Manufactured at steady rates.

WOOL—The market for all kinds is inactive; with a small business only to note.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2008 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 8,25 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—Prices remain high, fat Sheep selling readily at 4¼c ₱ lb, live weight, and 9c ₱ lb dressed. Hogs—4000 head, of which 2700 head were disposed of at prices ranging from $7,50 to 8,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 3.—FLOUR is heavy; 7000 bbls sold; State $5,30@5,40; Ohio $5,75@5,80; Southern $5,70@5,95. Wheat has declined 1@2c; 30,000 bus sold; Milwaukie Club 126@127c; red Western 135@136c. Corn dull; 14,500 bus sold; mixed 71c for prime in store. Whiskey dull at 21½c.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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100,000 COMMISSION AGENTS WANTED, at a salary of $50 per month. For full particulars, inclose one Government stamp to HENRY HERTZLER,
Shirleysburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Charles Bunce, of Rotherwick, Hampshire, England, to Miss Charlotte, only daughter of Perryer Tickner, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. George W. Wilson, of Roxborough, to Miss Phebe A. Spear, of Manayunk.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. Geo. Bringhurst, Mr. John H. Hinds, to Miss Mary Bailey, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. L. C. Newman, Mr. Louis D. Taylor, to Miss Lydia F. Tromp-son, both of this city.

On the 25th of Sept. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. James Walker, of Delaware, to Miss Charity A. Reading, step daughter of the late John G. Vogt, of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Jeff. M. Howett, to Harriet E. Jones, daughter of John Jones, Esq. both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. E. H. Stokes, Mr. Hiram L. Price, to Miss Clara E. eldest daughter of T. U. Baker, both of Trenton, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Greensburgh, N. J. on the 29th ultimo, Philip P. Green, aged 40 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Sarah J. Patton, daughter of David and Mary Patton, aged 13 years.

On Sunday night, Oct. 28th, Rev. Samuel C. Stratton, in his 67th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Joseph K. Potts, in his 72d year.

On the 28th ultimo, Miss Mary Hallman, in her 73d year.

On the morning of the 26th ultimo, the Rev. Joseph J. Hanly, in his 31st year.

On the 29th ultimo, John Lowery, aged 40.

On the 26th ultimo, Ann Margaret Schuyler, relict of the late Philip R. Schuyler, in her 74th year.

On Saturday, 27th ultimo, Jacob F. Stahl, in his 52d year.

On the 27th ultimo, John Eakins, late of the firm of Hunsworth, Eakins & Co. in his 41st year.

NOW READY,
THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA of Useful Information for the Housekeeper in all Branches of Cooking and Domestic Economy:

Containing the first Scientific and Reliable Rules for putting up all kinds of Hermetically-sealed Fruits, with or without Sugar, in Tin Cans or Common Bottles. Also, Rules for Preserving Fruits in American and French Styles, with Tried Receipts for Making Domestic Wines, Catsups, Syrups, Cordials, &c.; and Practical Directions for the Cultivation of Vegetables, Fruits and Flowers, Destruction of Insects, &c. By Mrs. E. F. Haskell. $1,25.

☞ Sent free by mail on receipt of price.
D. APPLETON & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
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SHORT SERMON ON DOGS.
BY THE PREACHER.

There is a deal of good sense as well as humor in the following:

"*Beware of dogs*"—Philippians iv. 2.

The Apostle well knew the mischievous and meddlesome spirit of dogs. Hence his caution against them.

I. DOGS IN GENERAL ARE A NUISANCE.

Because:

1. *They excite fears of hydrophobia.*

2. *They worry and destroy sheep.*

3. *They disturb our slumber*—howling in horrid concert under our window, simultaneously baying the moon.

4. *They frighten us when out at night*—A snap or growl at the neighbor's gate, or when turning down a dark alley, has a wonderfully nervous tendency.

5. *They are too familiar*—Will sleep on the front gallery, scatter fleas, come into the dining room and parlor, and go to church on Sunday mornings.

From these, and other considerations, I observe:

II. ALL DOGS SHOULD BE WATCHED.

1. *To prevent their depredations*—Killing neighbors' cats, tearing pants, scaring school children, and going mad.

2. *To correct their bad manners*—Teach them they are only dogs, and not quite equal to "white folks."

3. *Keep them in their places*—Wherever else they belong, I question the propriety of their getting between the sheets with gentlemen, or using the church as a dog kennel.

APPLICATION.—Have you a dog? Then keep him in a dog's place and watch him. If you admit him to undue familiarity, don't forget that other folks will still think him to be but a dog. If he has a shaggy coat and turnip "narrative," these will not entitle him to the privilege of following you to church and disturbing the worship of the entire congregation.

Though he may be as nice and sensible as his fond master or foolish mistress, it is not very probable the preaching will do him any good. The intelligent fellow might be allowed the pleasure of trotting across the floor and barking his approbation at the occasional flights of the preacher's eloquence, were a dog's gratification more important than the people's edification.

Hence, in conclusion, I would say, beware of dogs! and what I say to one I say to all, beware of dogs!

Finally, to the sexton, or that good brother who raises the tunes, I would say, with emphasis, *Beware of dogs!* and if those canine interlopers persist in coming to the place of worship, just take them out and cut off their tails close to their ears.

THE WELSH PARSON.

A friend was staying with a Welsh parson, and heard him preach in the afternoon.

"By Jove," said he, "there was good in your sermon. I didn't think you—ahem."

"It would be odd if there was not," said the preacher. "It was one of Bishop Butler's."

"Bishop Butler's was it? Well, now, you surprise me. I have read Dr. Butler's sermons, and I did not recognize it."

"Oh," says the other, "you don't know how I manage. I have two services, one in Welsh, one in English. Well, I translate his sermons into Welsh to begin with, and thus I am safe; my Welsh flock don't read Butler. Then I take my Welsh and translate it into English, and after that the old boy himself would not know them again.—*Charles Reade.*

FAILURE OF THE SIGNS.—A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box ticket for the theatre to the house of a young lady.

The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of the lady.

"Did you see *him?*" said the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "*He* said *he'd* go with a great deal of pleasure; and that *he'd* wait for you, sir.

"What was he doing?" asked the wife, carelessly.

"*He* was putting on his *bonnet*," was the reply.

It is said that there was "fat in the fire" immediately.

AN AUTHOR.—A young scapegrace, who had spent his fortune and falling into bad habits, took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was, therefore, accounted for; and as his address was good, and marks for personal beauty remained, many a romantic village maid sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Sighs would not pay his landlord's bill, and when a month had expired, he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know what work he had been the author of. Being thus pushed, he replied, "Why, sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—*the author of my own misfortunes.*"

ACCOMMODATING.—An old gentleman has a queer way of showing his hospitality to strangers. The moment a person comes to his house, he brings him a pine knot and a jack-knife!

The old gentleman is a genuine Yankee, and believes that there is but one pleasure greater than whittling, and that consists of selling shoe-pegs for oats.

☞ A friend who has supped his fill of horrors in reading a recent popular novel, suggests that it be called The Household of Bug-a-Bouverie!—*Vanity Fair.*

SERVANTGALISM.

LADY.—"Then, why did you leave?"

DOMESTIC.—"Well, ma'am, I b'lieve the rael reason were, that missus thought I were too good looking!"

RESPECT FOR ROYALTY—A PRACTICAL JOKE.

In a certain city of Canada West, resides a colored man, by name, "Frank," a functionary who indulges in hair-dressing, saloon keeping, and the mysteries of cooking and general waiting. This colored individual is fond of a practical joke. He has moreover a certain pinguitude of system, so that when he indulges in a laugh, external, or shrouded beneath the black veil of his shining outside, he may be said to shake like a jelly, after the fashion of Santa Claus, in the "Night before Christmas."

Now it happened, so the story goes, when the Prince of Wales visited the city where "Frank" resides, that a ball was given in his honor, and that "Frank" was an essential accessory thereto. Without "Frank," the ball was no ball.

During the evening, after supper, and while "Frank" was among the dishes in the culinary room, his privacy was intruded upon by certain young women, who addressed him insinuatingly, about as follows:—

"Oh! Frank, have you the glass out of which His Royal Highness drank?" To this Frank blandly responded "Yes." "Will you let us drink out of it?" "Certainly." "Now, Frank, which side of the glass did His Royal Highness's lips touch." "Frank" indicated the identical spot.

Then the young women, each all reverently and jubilantly touched their lips to the glass. They then said, "Are you sure, Frank, that we touched the place touched by His Royal Highness's lips?" To which Frank answered "certainly, for I wanted to drink after the Prince, and I had my lips on the very spot touched by his, just before you came in. I know it is the place."

Fancy the result. Young ladies *exeunt*, disgusted; and the facetious Frank relapsing into one of his most violent cachinations, and jellifying for a full half hour.

MISS MARY.—Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, you must prescribe for me. I've a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take?

DR. HARRY (thinking this the best opportunity he has had)—I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—you'd better take—me!

THE THEORY OF A BRICK.—A boy hearing his father say, 'Twas a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways, said, "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play."

So, setting up a row of bricks, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the little boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbors." He looked in vain to see them rise. "Here, father," said the boy, "'tis a poor rule that will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son, bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent the first Adam?"

The father replied; "When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate before them."

☞ MISER'S CHARITY.—An illiterate person, who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied, "Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody!*"

☞ NOTIONS OF ANTIQUITIES.—An American traveller, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome, to which he replied that Rome was a very fine city, but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair.

☞ Man is partly a creature and partly a creator of circumstances.

Agricultural.

AGE OF THE HORSE AND MESMERISM.

In these times of table-turning, spirit-rapping, and mesmerism, we may be excused for the following extract from the "Giornale di Medicina Veterinaria," Torino, 1859:

"To know the age of the horse without inspecting the teeth, pull a hair out of the mane of the animal of which you wish to ascertain the age, pass it through a plain gold ring, of a certain substance, hold the two ends of the hair between the thumb and the forefinger, suspend it in this manner in the centre of a tumbler, taking care that the latter is perfectly level, and that the hair is long enough to allow the ring to reach the side of the glass. Holding it very steady in this position, in a few minutes, or even seconds, a slight oscillation of the ring is perceived, which soon increases, and the ring strikes the side of the glass as many times as the horse is years old." (?)

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.—Il Signor Piazza, Veterinary Surgeon, was in company with a rich proprietor, who assured him that he always used this method to know the age of horses, and, to prove it, went into the stable, and pulled a hair out of the mane of a seven year-old horse, and one from a colt, thirty months old; then going into the drawing-room, he asked for a glass half full of water, and also procured his wife's plain gold ring, then passing one of the hairs through the ring, he held the two ends between his forefinger and thumb, dipped the ring in the water, then suspended it in the middle of the glass, just below the rim; in less than half a minute, the ring struck the glass seven times. The same was done with the other hair, and the glass was struck twice for the colt. He afterwards asked for a hair of his wife, and proceeded in the same manner, when thirty-five strokes were heard, and the register proved that her age was thirty-five years. "All this," the writer says, "I saw with my own eyes, and whoever likes, can try the experiment, which may be repeated as often as you like, but always taking a fresh hair from the mane, as the one that has been once used will have no further effect." This phenomenon is ascribed to mesmerism, or, perhaps, may depend on the physiology of the hair, based on the microscopic anatomy of the same. (?)

"WINE FARMING."

Mr. R. Buchanan, a well-known successful wine producer of Ohio, gives in the Ohio Valley Farmer, the following admirable statement of the raising and fermentation of wine. Recollect, wine is not "made"—*it "grows."* Our readers know well our opinion—expressed years ago—of what "wine farming" was destined to be in this country. No doubt some States, portions of States, as well as counties, and portions of counties, are are much better adapted to it than others; nevertheless, the business will gradually increase and spread until it shall become nearly general, and quite as much so as are certain other crops at the present time.

Wine farming will, in a few years, become simplified, and almost as easily understood as corn-planting. There is no mystery in it. Experience alone must teach the proper position as well as the soil; the right distance apart for the vines; the most judicious method of spring and summer pruning; and, as for cultivation, keep the ground clean with the plough or cultivator, like corn.

Making the wine is as simple as making cider. The grape-bunches are cut from the vines, and all unsound or unripe berries picked off the bunch and thrown into a bucket, to make—with the addition of sugar—vinegar, or an inferior wine. The perfect grapes of each day's cutting are taken to the wine-house, and in the evening, after being mashed in a barrel with a beetle—stem and berries—or passed through wooden rollers in a small mill, are put on the press and the juice extracted. About one-third runs off without any pressure. The outer edges of the pomace are cut off for eight or ten inches, after the first pressing, separated with the hands, and thrown on top, when the power of the screw is applied, and another pressing made. This is repeated two or three times. The juice from the last pressing, being very dark and astringent, is put with the inferior wine. The other is put in large casks, filled about five-sixths full, to ferment and make the good wine. No sugar or brandy should be added to the best Catawba juice—or must—as it makes a better wine without, and is strong enough to keep well. One end of a syphon is placed in the bung-hole of the cask, the other, being crooked over, rests in a bucket of water.

The fermentation commences in a day or two, and the carbonic acid escapes through the water. In ten to fourteen days, the syphon may be removed, the casks filled up, and the bung driven in lightly—in a month, tightly. In mid-winter the wine is drawn off into another cask, and the lees of the wine, with the pomace of the grapes, are used to make brandy.

The wine will be clear and pleasant to drink in a month or two after the first fermentation ceases. The second fermentation occurs in the spring, about the time of the blossoming of the grapes. This is but slight, and it will be merely necessary to loosen the bungs; when it is over, the wine will be clear in two or three months, and safe to bottle; but that operation had better be deferred until November. And this is the whole process of making still-wine—the wine for general use; and being a natural product of the juice of the grape, it is more wholesome than any mixed or artificial wine, however showy and high-priced it may be.

Let the grapes be well ripened; the press, casks, and all vessels perfectly clean; and then keep the air from the new wine, by having the casks constantly bung-full, and there is no danger of its spoiling. This is the whole secret.

It is presumed that no one will go into wine farming largely at first, but take the precaution to test, by the cultivation of a few acres, the capabilities of the soil, position and climate, and the kind of grape best suited to it.

A POULTRY HOUSE IN THE WOODS.—A few days since, while riding with a friend near Chester, Vermont, we passed a singular-looking building, standing near the bank of a stream in the midst of a dark hemlock forest. In answer to our inquiry as to the purpose to which it was devoted, we were told it was a "poultry house"—not, however, for keeping live, but dead poultry. It had no windows, and but one door, and the walls were lined with spent tan-bark. In the course of the winter, many tons of dressed turkeys, chickens, geese and ducks are packed in this building, being first frozen solid. Here they remain unchanged,—the dense foliage of the hemlocks wholly excluding the sun's rays,—till summer, when they "come out as good as new," and are sent to Boston, bringing a price proportionate to the rarity of the article in the market.

THE SAPSUCKER.—One of the editors of the Prairie Farmer relates a conversation with a tree cultivator, as follows:

"Have you any particular pests among the birds?" we asked.

"Yes, *sir*," was the emphatic and prompt reply.

"What are they?"

"The sapsucker is one. He may be a benefit to forest trees, but he does us no service on our grounds. He has killed trees that cost me five dollars each, and for which I would not have taken twenty-five dollars. He is particularly injurious to the mountain ash, the willows and pines—Austrian, White, and Scotch. But I have found a remedy. About the time they make their appearance, I white-wash my trees; they will make but one or two holes in a tree and leave it."

PRESERVING SWEET POTATOES.—The Ohio Cultivator gives the following method of preserving these precious roots during winter weather:—Take dust from the highway and dry it thoroughly; then pack the potatoes in layers in it, using either barrels or boxes for this purpose. They should be kept in a warm place, such as in the vicinity of a stove, or some situation where they cannot be affected with frost during very cold nights. This appears to be as good as any other method yet published.

NATURAL LIFE OF THE HONEY BEE.

The following communication is made to the Country Gentleman and Cultivator, by M. M. Baldridge, of Middleport, N. Y.:—The majority of persons who have the care of bees, entertain the idea that the worker-bees live many years. Their conclusion is drawn from the fact that colonies sometimes inhabit the same domicile a long period—15 or 20 years—never thinking that, as fast as the bees die off naturally and from other causes, they are continually replaced by a new progeny. The natural life of the honey-bee worker does not exceed six months, and, from recent experiments, I believe, does not exceed, in the summer season, three months. By the aid of the Italian or Ligurian bee, this may be easily and satisfactorily tested. On the 2nd of July last, I gave to a very powerful stock of native bees a pure Italian queen. To-day, September 15, this stock was examined to ascertain what proportion of the bees were of the Italian race. Taking out the frames one by one, both sides of the comb were carefully inspected, and, so far as I could ascertain, at least nine-tenths of the bees were purely Italian. Also, on the 17th of July, I gave an Italian queen to another stock of native bees. This stock was also examined to-day in the presence of a friend, who assisted me in the examination. Examining the combs, as before, we did not find in this stock *a single native bee!* This change has taken place, as will be observed, in less than two months. Since the 17th of July, I have taken out of this colony combs of maturing Italian brood—giving them to other stock—more than enough to make a good colony of bees. Thus, it will be seen that the natural life of the honey-bee, in either of these instances, would scarcely exceed three months; also, that it requires only a few months to change an apiary of native bees to those of the Italian race.

CULTIVATING THE PEACH.—A writer, in New England, thus treats on this subject:—"There has been much speculation as to the cause of this decadence, of the peach. Some, notwithstanding the negative evidence of meteorological tables attribute it to a change in the climate; others to the unnatural method of propagation by budding, and others to the ravages of worms and insects. As far as the writer's experience goes, it is decidedly against cultivating the ground beneath peach trees. Those in his garden that were under cultivation, have been exceedingly short-lived, while others, closely surrounded by green sward, and set out at the same time, are still in bearing order and tolerably healthy. A neighbor some years since set out an orchard of about a hundred peach trees, cultivating corn and root crops between. Most of the trees died within three or four years from the setting, and scarcely a dozen remain at the present time. When the trunks are closely surrounded by grass, they are seldom attacked by the borer.—[In New Jersey it is a common practice to cultivate between the trees, before they come fully into bearing, melons, cucumbers, &c.—*Ed.*]

THE ROADSTER.—The word roadster is not well understood by all who exhibit horses at our fairs, and frequently horses belonging to other classes are shown in this. A horse of all work may be a fair roadster, but roadsters are really horses fit for travelling. The Morgan horse is a good illustration of this class. Like all other classes, they need good vital organs to give them bottom, and a first-rate "motive" temperament. He need not be so large as the horse of all work, nor so strong; but on the road, he should be much his superior, travelling daily with light loads fifty miles, not for a single day, but for weeks.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE OIL FROM A FLOOR.—Cover the spot with hot ashes, and continue the process until the grease is extracted; or, wet the spot with concentrated lye, as strong as it can be dissolved.

HERB AND ROOT TEAS.—All herb and root teas should be made with the same care as green tea. Steep them in earthen, tightly closed, and use the drinks while fresh. Most nurses imagine that herb teas are boiled herbs. The infusions lose life as readily as green tea, by long steeping and exposure to air. Strain the teas before taking them to the patient, and do not let it become insipidly flat before it reaches them.

TO CLEAN DUST FROM WALL PAPER.—Make a mop of single cotton yarn, and wipe the paper; this should be done yearly.

TO REMOVE OIL FROM LAMP SHADES.—Fill a kettle with strong suds; place a towel in the bottom of the kettle, and put in the shades; let them boil one hour, being careful that the shades are entirely covered with the suds while boiling; if not covered, the glass will be marked where they rise above the suds. Rinse in boiling water immediately, and wipe dry. If shades are rubbed to remove grease, spots resembling oil will be left on the glass.—*Housekeeper's Encyclopedia.*

RATS.—To drive and keep rats from corn-cribs and granaries, place some gas tar in them, and daub some in their holes, and they will leave the premises at once. The tar can be obtained at any place where gas is manufactured for burning, at about six cents per gallon, and a gallon will drive them from the premises.—*Genesee Farmer.*

TO PREPARE RENNET.—Take a calf's stomach, take out the curd; wash it clean; salt it thoroughly, inside and out, leaving a white coat of salt in every part; now lay it in a jar for three or four days, where it will form a pickle; then drain it for two days: re-salt, and put it again in the jar; cover it with paper pasted over the jar, and let it lie for twelve months: it may, however, be used within a few days, but is not as strong as when left in the brine for a long time. When used for curds, the rennet is soaked in cold water, and the water is used for forming the curd.—*Housekeeper's Encyclopedia.*

The Riddler.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 19, 30, 4, 32, is one of the forms of matter.

My 2, 9, 26, 23, 12, 10, 7, is an essential property of all matter.

My 3, 6, 33, 24, 31, 12, 26, is to emit or send out in direct lines.

My 6, 13, 13, 25, 31, 8, 12, 24, 13, 32, exists between all matter.

My 11, 6, 12, 27, 3, the ancients considered one of the elements.

My 15, 10, 17, 5, is a glass to change the direction of the sun's rays.

My 13, 31, 20, 19, 25, 2, 8, is a term applied to heat.

My 20, 16, 29, 23, 12, is an imponderable agent.

My 22, 13, 30, 7, 3, is pertaining to the orb of light and heat.

My 23, 27, 7, 12, is the great agent of reputation.

My 31, 21, 28, 10, 6, 20, 24, 14, 29, is tempering by heat.

My whole is the name and birth-place of a noted philosopher.

Sugar Grove, Pa. ALBERT M. MARTIN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 26, 28, 31, 21, 33, is a city in Ireland.

My 2, 36, 6, 5, 18, is a group of islands south of Europe.

My 3, 11, 34, is a cape in the United States.

My 4, 26, 29, 6, 13, 26, 33, is a range of mountains in Asia.

My 5, 13, 20, 21, 33, 8, 2, 7, is one of the United States.

My 6, 32, 33, 4, 5, is a city in China.

My 9, 5, 23, 24, is a river in Africa.

My 10, 16, 17, 21, 13, is a county in Maryland.

My 14, 34, 21, 33, 28, 26, 19, 15, is a city in Scotland.

My 29, 33, 25, 11, is a river in one of the Eastern States.

My 27, 36, 33, 30, 11, 29, is a city in Pennsylvania.

My 35, 33, 29, 21, is a desert in Asia.

My whole is an institution of learning in Pennsylvania.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 18, 6, 3, 22, 12, 18, a celebrated Trojan warrior.

My 13, 25, 3, 13, 19, 21, 16, 10, 14, 31, 3, a son of Apollo.

My 27, 25, 33, 16, 15, 3, 35, daughter of Minos, king of Crete.

My 13, 27, 20, 22, 25, 16, the wife of Vulcan.

My 17, 31, 18, 4, 3, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne.

My 30, 19, 8, 23, 14, 2, 19, 3, surname of Mars among the Romans.

My 9, 16, 2, 26, 27, 11, 31, 2, king of Lydia.

My 5, 16, 1, 12, 3, a name given to Apollo.

My 1, 25, 24, 28, 31, 18, a name applied to the region between Earth and Hades.

My 7, 22, 34, 12, 2, a son of Coelus and Terra.

My 28, 33, 36, 5, 4, a beautiful valley of ancient Thessaly.

My whole is the Latin motto of one of the United States.

Philadelphia. FRED. J. ANSPACH.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sitting down beside a stream,
Where the sparkling waters gleam,
In the sunshine bright and clear,
Was a man with line and hook,
Watching with an eager look,
For he knew my first was near.

Long he did not need to wait,
Till my first was at the bait,
'Twas as he had reckoned:
But when he lifted up the rod,
And threw the line upon the sod,
He wished he had my second.

The summer day was nearly spent,
When he slowly homeward went,
Along the winding brook;
No fish had he, but still he thought,
Perhaps it would not be for nought,
If for my whole he'd look.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first applies to the weather,
When we are needing rain;
My second and it together,
Will form a poet's name. RELTUB.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are four cog-wheels geared in a frame: No. 1 has 97 cogs, No. 2 has 84, No. 3 has 79, No. 4 has 59. Now if I strike a line across them all, above the axles, and place a crank upon the axle of No. 1 and turn it, how many revolutions must I turn it before the line is again complete?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GOUDY.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take a strip of board 9 by 16 inches square, at the ends cut it into two equal parts, so when properly put together it will be 12 inches square.

Broadalpin. P. G. M. GARLAN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a greedy school-boy like a sorrowful man? Ans.—When he's sick at 'eart (sick o' tart).

☞ Under what officer would an author wish to marshal his pages? Ans.—The general reader.

☞ Why are the eyes of a pleased cat like an infant school? Ans.—Because the pupils are very small.

☞ Why would ladies make better traders and peddlers than men? Ans.—Because they never get shaved.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Declaration of Independence. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"A wise son maketh a glad father." MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Policy is the best honesty." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The answer. CHARADE—Campbell. RIDDLE—Eye. REBUS—Daisy, Field. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—Each side measures 12 feet. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—9 balls.